THE YEAR BOOK. 1904.



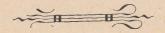
CENTRAL SCHOOL BUILDING.

VOL. IV.

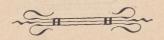
Momence Illinois, High School.

June 4, 1904.

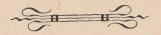
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Lola M. Vane,		- W621	MAL MARKET	4) = 1 V	Secretary and Treasurer.
NINA FISH, -					Editor on Grinds.
S. JAY GARRETT, -	-				- Editor on Athletics.



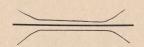
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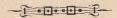
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Faculty of Momence Union Schools.

R. E. SELBY, Superintendent.



HIGH SCHOOL.

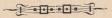
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RICHARD E. SELBY, Physics and Economics.

MABEL GROVES, English and American History.

> FLORENCE L. CRAIL, Music.



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> MABEL JACKSON, Sixth Year.

ANNA M. HANSON, Third and Fourth Years.

BLANCHE FREEMAN, First and Second Years.

CENTRAL BUILDING.

MRS. E. ST. JOHN, Eighth Year.

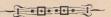
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BERTHA LAMB, Fourth Year.

MAY CULVER, Third Year.

MAY SIMONDS, Second Year.

MABEL GROVES, First Year.



RIVER STREET SCHOOL.

GERTRUDE HOLMES, Fifth Year.

Requirements for Graduation.

For College Preparatory Diploma.

I. REQUIRED:-

English, 12 Credits.
Algebra, 5 Credits.
Science, 6 Credits.
Foreign Language, 9 Credits.
Geometry, 4 Credits.
History, 3 Credits.
Choose a sufficient number of Electives to make 48
Credits, six Credits of which must be chosen from the Electives printed in italics.

II. ELECTIVE:-

Civics, 1 1-2 Credits.

Economics, 1 1-2 Credits.

History, 3 Credits.

Science, 3 Credits.

Foreign Language, 3 Cr.

Music, 4 Credits.

Arithmetic, 1½ Credits.

Business Practice 1½ Cr.

Reviews, 3 Credits.

For General Diploma.

I. REQUIRED:-

English, 12 Credits, Science, 6 Credits. Algebra, 3 Credits. German, 3 Credits. History, 3 Credits.

II: ELECTIVE:-

Select 21 Credits from list of Electives given under Electives for College Preparatory Diploma.

For Literary-Scientific Diploma.

I. REQUIRED:--

English, 12 Credits.
Geometry, 3 Credits.
Science, 6 Credits.
Foreign Language, 6 Credits.
Algebra, 3 Credits.
History, 6 Credits.

II. ELECTIVE:-

Select 12 Credits from list given under Elective for College Preparatory Diplomas.

For Business Certificate.

I. REQUIRED:-

English, 6 Credits.

Spelling & Penmanship, 3 Cr.

Algebra, 3 Credits.

Arithmetic, 1½ Credits.

Business Practice, 1½ Credits.

History, 3 Credits.

Science, 3 Credits.

II. ELECTIVE:-

Select 3 Credits from Electives under College Preparatory Diploma.

For Post-Graduate Seal.

+04 +04

I. REQUIRED:—

Clerical Work, 3 Credits.

II. ELECTIVE:--

9 Credits on Electives not taken during the regular course.

Junior Class.

Motto: A past forever gone, a future yet our own,

Class Flower: Goldenrod. Colors: Black and Old Gold.

YELL:

Skin 'em alive, Skin 'em alive, Hurrah, for the Class of Nineteen Five.

+04+04

HISTORY.

On the first morning of school, September 8, 1901, what was it that blazed upon the High School; what was it, the brilliancy of which caused the Seniors to fall down upon their faces? Was it some heavenly meteor? Who can tell? Just quiet your fears, dear friends; do not become alarmed, and I will complete my story. When the sunlight had banished some of its brilliancy, and the Seniors were able to raise themselves, they saw before them—not a great heavenly body, as they had supposed it to be, but only a row of smiling Freshmen.

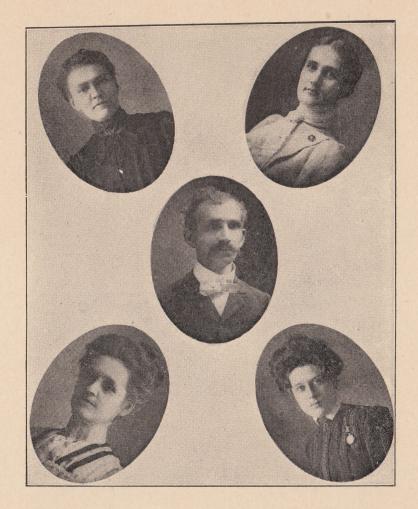
The first year of our High School life passed without many incidents of note on account of our "great numbers" (13) But when we, as Sophomores, filed into our accustomed places the following year, one could not help but notice that a few of our most brilliant members had been

lost, had strayed or had been stolen during the past vacation. As Juniors we have been very sedate and dignified. We number seven—the smallest class, but the brightest intellects in the school.

Our combined age is 124 years; the avoirdupois of the class, 894 pounds and our entire height, 28,875 feet below the summit of Mount Everest. Yet our ambitions are by no means to be measured by the distance which we tower below the clouds. We have indeed, been wonderfully successful, and 'tis thus the teachers are accustomed to address, their classes, "Behold the Class of 1905! See their noble work! Observe their attentive attitude! Notice their animated countenances! Learn how to acquire name and fame as they have done! Take them for your models! In short, be perfect!"

All this, and yet the half has not been told. Words fail to express the greatness of the Class of 1905.





HIGH SCHOOL FACULTY.

MABEL GROVES.
FLORENCE L. CRAIL.

R. E. SELBY.

ALICE GRAY KALLANDER.
A. JEANNETTE FOSTER.

Alice Gray Kallander.

TEACHER OF LATIN AND GERMAN.

Alice Gray Kallander was born September 25th, 1868. She finished her public school course here and began teaching at the age of seventeen. She graduated from Northwestern University in 1894. Upon her graduation she was elected a member of the Phi Beta Kappa, the only Greek letter society of America, which is recognized abroad,—an honor for scholarship only.

She taught about ten years in Cook county, and for the last two years has been Principal of the Momence High School. She has accepted the position of teacher of English in the Blue Island High School at an increase over

her present salary.

Florence S. Crail.

SUPERVISOR OF MUSIC.

Florence L. Crail was born in Janesville, Iowa. She was educated in the village school and at the Iowa State Normal at Cedar Falls. After completing this course, she was for eight years a successful teacher in Iowa, and then four years in the Minneapolis public schools.

After studying music at the Northwestern Conservatory in Minneapolis, she accepted the position of Supervisor of Music in the Shell Rock, Iowa, schools. She graduated from the New School of Methods in Public School Music

in Chicago.

During the school year of 1903-'04 she has been our successful Supervisor of Music.

A. Jeannette Foster.

TEACHER OF ENGLISH AND MATHEMATICS.

A. Jeannette Foster was born in Evanston, February 22, 1882. (The month in which all great, truthful people are born.) She attended the public schools of Evanston, graduating in 1896. After three years at Northwestern Academy and four years in Northwestern University, she graduated from the University with high honors, being elected to the Phi Beta Kappa fraternity.

The past year she has been the teacher of English and

Mathematics in the Momence High School.

-1-10-10-1

Mabel Groves.

TEACHER OF HISTORY

Mabel Groves was born in Fairview, Indiana, March 17, 1866, since which date St. Patrick's day has had a new significance. She graduated from Sidney, Illinois, High School in 1884. She same year she was elected to the position of Primary teacher in the home school. She served in that capacity for eight years, filling in vacations regularly with Normal and Institute work. In 1892 she was elected to fill a vacancy in the Momence schools.

This year finishes her twenty consecutive years of teaching, during which time, neither absence nor tardy mark has been recorded against her. At present she is the His-

tory teacher in the Momence High School.

Name.	Alias.	At First Sight.	Favorite Amusement.	Pet Phrase.	
Leigh Kelsey	"Deacon."	Meek.	Algebra.	"I Don't Know."	
Frank VanInwagen	"Nebular Hypothesis."	Awe inspiring.	Talking.	"Why?"	
Nina Fish	"Goo Goo."	Studious.	Eating Eggs.	"Where's Jim?"	
Hallie Selby	"Hal."	So innocent looking, but afterwards—	Getting Subscriptions.	"I think—"	
Jay Garrett	"Sammy."	Verdant.	Writing Arguments.	"Gee!"	
Laura Croman	"Cromie."	Stunted.	Riding with Charlie.	"O, Goodness!"	
Ed. Cleary	"Annie."	Innocent.	Talking of Annie.	Where's the Lesson?"	
Gilbert Willis	"Carrie."	Cute.	Talking.	Does anyone want to ask any questions	
Carrie Parish	"Silas."	Harmless.	Entertaining the others.	"I Don't Know."	
Lola Vane	"Doc."	Charming.	Walking down River Street.	"Any old thing."	
Virgie, Tabler	"Peachy."	Innocent.	Dancing.	"You bet you!"	
Stella Dwyer	"Stell."	Pretty goood.	Going to Church.	"Golly!"	
Jessie Garrett	"Jess."	A tip-top Junior.	Talking.	"Well now-in Kankakee."	
Levi Haslett	"Stork."	First-rate.	Practicing for the Field Meet.	"Oh, Land!"	
Lloyd Crosby	"Preacher."	Cross.	Talking.	"Listen!"	
Stanton VanInwagen	"Stant."	A leedle bit short.	Writing about the Juniors.	"Well I guess not!"	
Rex Vane	"Rexeurunt."	Dreamy.	Throwing paper wads.	"Galoot!"	
Floy Brown	"Brownie."	Real swell.	Laughing.	"O, Gee!"	
Ray Dennis	"Dinnis."	Good enough.	Buying Candy.	"I guess so."	

Snap Shots.	Business.	Pavorite Song.	Public Opinion.	Summary.
Catching Flies.	To peddle Milk.	"Shall we gather at the River"	Embryonic.	He'll do.
Talking to Helen.	To be popular.	"The Blue and the 'Gray.' "	Walking Encyclopedia.	So young, yet so wise
Studying.	None.	"Jim Crow."	Not so bad.	Sweet.
Rushing the Year Book.	To be a "Mann."	"Dear Heart."	Naughty.	She's a daisy.
Talking to Maude.	To see a "Miner."	"Maude."	Timid.	Easy going.
Delivering her Oration.	To be a "Farmeress."	"Beyond the River."	Too Short.	In love.
Eating.	To get there.	"Annie Rooney."	Left home too soon.	Real nice.
Orating.	To be an Orator.	"To Her."	Sweet.	Pretty good.
Playing with Snakes.	To talk about nothing.	"Mr. Dooley."	Means well.	All right.
At the Window.	Studying Paradise Lost.	"Forgotten."	Who Next?	Changeable.
On the Merry-go-round.	To keep house.	"Sammy."	Cute.	About right.
Skating.	Singing "Just One Boy."	"Old Black Joe."	A good girl.	Tip-top.
Combing her hair,	To be a hairdresser.	Battle Hymn of the Republic.	Real smart.	She'll do,
Talking to Agnes.	To be an athlete.	"For You."	Pretty good.	All right.
Talking.	To be a good talker.	"Hot Time."	Embryonic.	A clever man.
Raking old leaves in the Fall.	To be a contortionist.	"Marching Thru Georgia."	A cute little boy.	A daisy.
Making Faces.	To speak Latin well.	"Just One Girl."	Rather "Brown."	He'll get there.
Reciting Geometry.	To be an Elocutionist.	"Eli Green's Cakewalk."	Rather "Vane."	Cute.
Making Pictures.	To treat the girls.	"Capt. Jinks."	Real sweet.	"Foxy."

Nigh School Oratorical Contest.

The Fourth Annual Oratorical Contest of the Momence High School was held at the opera hall Tuesday evening, May 3. The attendance was good, quite a number from Kankakee and St. Anne being present. The orators and declaimers all did credit to the High School and to Mr. Crum, of the Soper School of Oratory who trained them.

The program was as follows:

Music	Cone's Orchestra
Invocation	
Music	
ORATIONS.	
"James Abram Garfield"	Frank Van Inwagen
"Robert Emmett"	Edward Cleary
"The Brutus of the Nineteenth Century"	Gilbert Willis
Music	H. S. Sextet
DECLAMATIONS.	
"True Courage"	Serina Johnson
"The Prayer of Rehoboam"	Marie Wennerholm
Music	Orchestra
"How Salvator Defeated Tenny"	Virginia Tabler
"As the Moon Rose"	Floy Brown
"The wrestler of Phillippi"	Marie Harish
Decision of Judges	
Music	

Bert Willis won first honors in oration and Edward Cleary second. Floy Brown was first in declamation. No second was awarded, each of the three judges voting for different contestants.

A Junior's Troubles.

Devoid of sense,
The Latin tense
We often have recited;
We've paid out cash,
And other trash
And never been requited.

We've all changed snow To H2 O, A marvelous reaction; Divided four By twenty score And never got a fraction.

To all this stuff,
And there's enough,
We've paid our best attention;
But Edmund Burke
And all his work
We think should have a pension.
And "Wilhelm Tell"
Should go to — well,
A place we will not mention.—The Mirror.

-1-10-10-3-

We saw a thing
Of greenish hue
And tho't it was
A lawn of grass,
But when to it
We closer drew
We found it was
Our Freshman Class.—Ex.



"O, peerless one," he looked at her, "Without you, give me death; You are the very 'Breath of Life'," And then—he held his Breath.—Ex.



HALLIE A. SELBY.
NINA FISH.

JUNIOR CLASS. VIRGINIA C. TABLER.

VIRGINIA C. TABLER. S. JAY GARRETT. JESSIE M. GARRETT. LOLA M. VANE. STELLA DWYER.



ORATORICAL AND DECLAMATORY CONTESTANTS.

FLOY BROWN. MARIE PARISH. HALLIE SELBY. GILBERT WILLIS. FRANK VANINWAGEN. VIOLA CHIPMAN. SERINA JOHNSON. EDWARD CLEARY. VIRGIE TABLER.
MARIE WENNERHOLM.

Junior Class Song.

Tune. "JUST ONE GIRL."

Maybe you've noticed the Juniors,
Noble class—that's my class—
With only one boy to six maidens,
Only one—let that pass;
These girls look contented and happy,
Ask them why—hear them say,
"You may laugh if you please at the Juniors,
But there's no other boy like Jay."

CHORUS.

Just one boy in this school for us, You may laugh if you please, And make all sorts of fuss; Big, strong, and tall, He's a match for you all— We are suited exactly, with JUST ONE BOY.

Other classes have all sorts of trouble

With their boys, so they say;
The girls say they're ugly and stubborn,
'Less each one has his way,
But no matter what plan we girls get up,
Grave or bright, sad or gay,
We've only one boy to manage,
And he's very good—that's Jay.

CHORUS.

Now maybe you Freshmen and Seniors,
Since you've heard what I say,
Will be wanting to trade with us Juniors,
But no, thanks—not today;
You may brag of your gentleman members,
Dark and light, grave and gay,
But we girls feel contented and happy,
We each own one-sixth of Jay.
Chorus.

My Violin.

Dedicated to Miss May Culver,

When the days are drear and the atmosphere
Seems weighted down with dread,
And the clock's slow beat seems the tread of feet
In a funeral march for the dead,
To an old, old friend my ear I bend
For the solace my heart would win;
There's rest for me and comfort free
In the tone of my violin.

When the days are bright and the glad sunlight
Of hope my spirit cheers,
When my heart's aglow with the joy I know
And I bid farewell to fears,
This same old friend its voice will lend
To tell how the glad days spin,
And sing with me in its merry glee—
My dear old violin.

Tho' my way be 'lorn as a winter's morn
Or gay as a day in June,
Through my pathways wind I always find
With my life it keeps in tune;
So, whether I smile at bright fancy's wile
Or grieve for the 'might have been,'
I'll turn to you—friend, tried and true—
My best loved violin.
—M, G



Sophomore Class History.

SERINA JOHNSON AND MAMIE STORRS.

Our class has decreased greatly in numbers during the past year, but nevertheless our good standing has been kept up. We have two new members-Clennie Little and Raymond Dennis, both of whom come some distance to join us, so it must be we still have something of a reputation in the county.

We have waded through the difficulties of geometry, and can easily master anything in the line of triangles, circles, and even limits. Since the Latin language has come under our control, we feel that we could converse freely with any of the great men of Rome whose lives we have studied in Ancient History. Though it seems a long time since we began the mastery of these studies, still it cannot be that our struggles are all for nothing, forwe have certainly gained in wisdom and strength of character. And surely we have had our share of honor and are envied by all the other classes. In the Oratorical contest of last year, one of our members won second prize, which was more than any ordinary Freshman could do. You may think that we are boasting, but we surely have a right to do so, for are we not upheld by the noblest of colors, the royal purple and white?

Taken altogether, our life as a Sophomore class has been a happy one, our only great sorrow being the illness of

our classmate, Clara Dickey,

So we are going along, fewer in number than last year, but stronger in purpose, and just look out for us—we are sure to be heard from.

Junior Hallowe'en Program.

On the 31st of October, the Juniors gave a Hallowe'en entertainment in Philomathian Hall.

A fierce-eyed Jack o' Lantern greeted the people as they came up the steps to the 1st floor. On the first and second landings, "ghosts," who wierdly pointed the way to the place of entertainment, were stationed. Above, all was light and life. The stage and chandeliers were artistically decorated in black and old gold, the class colors. Jack o' Lanterns served as footlights.

The program given was as follows:

Piano Solo Recitation Oration by the "Ghost of Edmund Burke." Class Song.
Pantomine—"Blue Beard."

After the Program the crowd adjourned to the "Picture Gallery" and "Library," where many wonderful things were to be seen. Souvenirs were given to each person visiting the "Side Show."

Another feature of interest was the Siberian Palmist. who told fortunes for the small sum of three cents.

The Juniors had on hand some popcorn and their famous fudge, which sold so well that, when counted, the profits of the evening were found to be \$11.25.

The crowd dispersed about 10 p. m., and went home wishing that the Juniors would give a Hallowe'en Entertainment every week.



SOPHOMORE CLASS.

RAYMOND DENNIS. IRENE BUCKNER. WILL HANSON.

FLOY BROWN. LUCILE FISH. MARGURITE DURHAM. PORCH KELSEY,

FRED MORSE. EMMA PITTMAN. MAMIE HALPIN.

SERINA JOHNSON. MAMIE STORRS.

FRANK CLEARY. CLENNIE LITTLE. DELBERT RALSTON.

Calendar of Events.

1903-1904.

Sept. 7.	Trials begin.
Sept. 9.	Advice from Prof. Selby.
Sept. 10.	"Silas" entertains the South Room.
Sept. 16.	Juniors begin work on the Year Book.
Oct. 9.	Literary Society divided into the Odds and Evens.
Oct. 13.	"Silas" continues entertaining.
Oct. 19.	In Physics:—If you went north to get to Chica-
	go, how would you go to get back?
Oct. 24:	Foot Ball Game.
Oct. 31.	Junior Hallowe'en Program.
Nov. 4.	Miss Foster gets "'Tail' of a Kangaroo."
Nov. 24.	
Nov. 26.	
Dec. 1.	Prof. Selby forgets his necktie. Frank VanIn-
	wagen forgets his handkerchief.
Dec. 3.	Vaccination "All the go."
Dec. 7.	Senior Class meeting. Attendance 19-5!
Dec. 8.	Miss Foster restores peace between "Silas" and
	"Reggie."
	"Silas" entertains again.
	Senior Class meeting. Attendance 19-0!!
Dec. 11.	"Silas" gets E (?) in deportment for entertain-
	ing the South Room.
Dec. 15.	Dr. Claude Shronts visits his father(?).

Juniors get their Class Pins!!!!

Dr. Claude Shronts visits his father(?).

Vacation.

Trials re-commence.

"Flower Queen" Cantata.

Dec. 22.

Dec. 24.

Jan'y. 4.

Jan. 19.

Jan. 22.

(Exams are held). Jan. 28. Prof. sends Lola V. some chewing gum. Feb. 9. Dr. Shronts entertains his son(?). Mar. 6. Music box day in the Freshman Class. "Garrett, Only Boy," enjoys a runaway. Mar. 8. Mar. 18. Year Book Contest closes. April 7. High School Entertainment. Apr. II. To a mouse. Wee, sleeket, cow'rin' tim'rous beastie, O, what a panic's in thy breastie! Thou need na start awa sae hasty Wi' bickering brattle! I wad be laith to run and chase thee Wi' murd'ring prattle! For further information—ask Stella. Apr. 16. Dr. Claude visits his father(?). Year Book banquet. Apr. 23. May 3. Oratorical Contest. May 20. County Athletic and Oratorical Contests. June 10. School closes.

Jan. 28-29. "Ye angels and ministers of grace defend us!"



Boyabus kissibus sweet girlorum, Girlabus likebus, wante someorum, Papsibus hearibus kissi someorum, Kickabus boyabus outi the dorum; Darkibus nightibus, no moonlightibus, Chinibus gatebus, breechibustorum.—Ex.

Our High School.

There is a High School, $\|$ in our town, $\|$ And there the scholars, $\|$ sit them down, $\|$ And read their books so studiously It surely is a lovely sight to see.

CHORUS.

For its study, study, study, Morning, evening, noon and night. From the time the sun uprises, Till it sets, sets, sets, Then its study, study, study, study, study, till you feel Just crammed with knowledge from your head to your heel, For that's the only way, don't you see, You ever can hope great to be.

There are five teachers, || in High School, || Who teach us everything, || by rule, || And tho our souls with lessons hard they grind, They are our friends at last we find.

All four of the classes || are so bright, ||
They always have their, || lessons right, ||
And they all hope to graduate
With the very highest honors in the State.

Year Book Song.

TUNE-Mush, Mush, Mush.

For the Freshman life's one round of pleasure, For the Sophomore, too, it's a lark, But to one that belongs to the Juniors, Life looks pretty earnest and dark; We have lessons to get like the others. But when others with lessons are done, And have gone out for sweet recreation, We still must keep pegging along.

CHORUS.

For its rush, rush, rush, rush with the Year Book, And it's rush, rush, rush, rush night and day, Don't bother me for I am busy,—
Today is my busiest day.

Let the Freshman go out for a picnic, Let the Sophomores do as they will, But the Junior has far too much doing He's climbing up Fame's rugged hill, Our Year Book is sure to bring glory, 'Twill be talked of for long years to come; And we'll have a fine time as Seniors, With our work on the Year Book all done.

Сно.

Сно.

They Never Went to Our High School

TUNE-Mr. Dooly.

O once there was a wicked man, His name was Captain Kidd, He cut off men's and women's heads, And all their gold he hid; O he did many wicked things Which are against the rule, But you must bear in mind he nev-Er went to our High School.

CHORUS.

O we're the High School, the Momence High School; Onward, upward is our only rule, We keep things humming! Just hear us coming! We're a genuine, accredited High School.

Once there was an Indian His name was Powhatan, He tried to kill the bold John Smith Who was a noble man; O, he did many wicked things Which are against the rule, But you must bear in mind he nev-Er went to our High School.

Сно.

O once there was a wicked queen Her name was Jezebel, Ahasueras caused her death As from a wall she fell. O, she did many wicked things Which are against the rule, But you must bear in mind she nev-Er went to our High School.

Сно.

Now if these folks had had our chance, No one of us can say, But what they might have tried to live, In quite a different way! Tis true they did many things Which are against the rule, But bear in mind, dear friends, they nev-Er went to our High School.

Сно.



SENIOR CLASS.—(THEN.)

Clyde Parmley. Ina Hess. Carrie Clark. Myrtle Gibeault.
Marie Wennerholm. F. VanInwagen.

Myrtle Gibeault.

F. VanInwagen.

Georgia Bennett.

Sadie & Lloyd Crosby. Leigh Kelsey.

Bert Willis. Viola Chipman. Helen Gray. Anna Templeton. Edward Cleary. Clara Wilson. Laura Croman.



SENIOR CLASS.—(NOW.)

Clyde Parmley. Helen Gray.

Myrtle Gibeault. Lloyd Crosby.

F. VanInwagen. Agnes Peterson.

Viola Chipman. Ina Hess.

Bert Willis. Marie Wennerholm. Anna Templeton.

Carrie Clark.

Edward Cleary. Georgia Bennett. Laura Croman. Sadie Crosby.

Leigh Kelsey. Clara Wilson.

Music.

The Momence schools are keeping up with the times in this line of work as well as others, being the only town in Kankakee county employing a Supervisor of Music. The work was introduced in 1902. The Board of Education wisely adopted the "National Course," published by the American Book Co. It is proving in every way satisfactory to teachers and pupils. Rapid progress is being made in all grades.

The popular Cantata, "The Coronation of the Rose" was given by the High School in January 1904 with Miss Viola Chipman and Mr. Leigh Kelsey as leading characters.

The work in High School consists principally of chorus work and a study of composers, such as Mendellsohn, Mozart, and Abt. It is not uncommon for people more or less intelligent to speak of music and drawing as merely ornamental branches as distinguished from other studies. In looking the world over, what branches do we find more useful or more practical than music? Into the pleasure of social life, what branch enters so largely as music? It the objective point of education is refinement, what agent or influence is more potent?

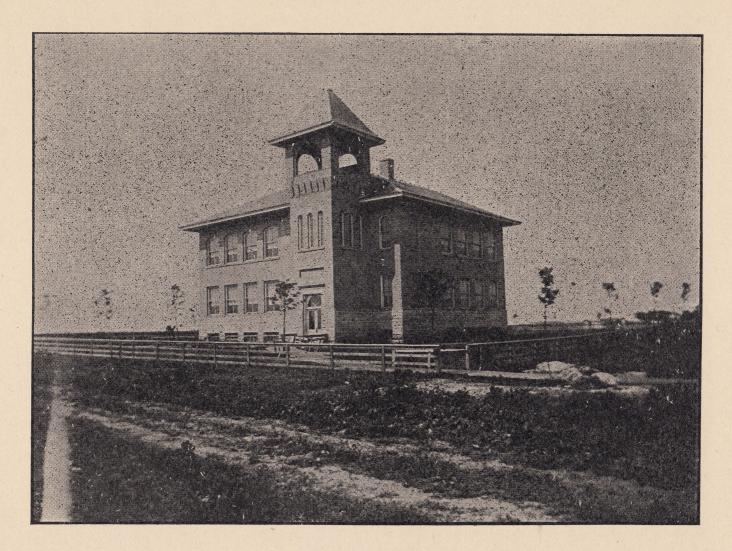
"The memory of song goes deep. Who is there that, in logical words, can express the effect music has on us? A kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite and lets us for moments gaze out into that."—Carlyle.

Autumn.

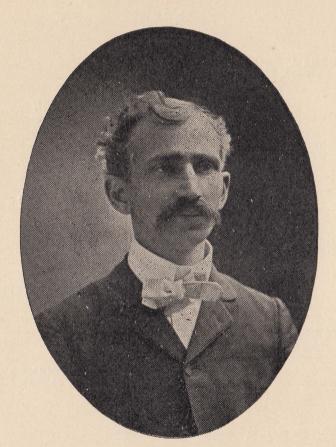
First Prize for Poem.-BY HELEN G. GRAY.

A ling'ring presence seems to hover o'er us all;
The Spirit of forgotten happy days,—
The sadd'ning thought of all-to-soon decay
Of life—a leaping flame so soon put out.
'Tis like a doomed one's last short days on earth;
How he conspires to do for each some act
To leave with all the thought, "How good he was"
To keep his mem'ry bright in future days.
These golden tints are but a mockery
Assumed to hide the dismal shroud beneath:
The sleepy haze keeps from our eyes the grave
Wherein these happy days so soon must die.





LORAINE SCHOOL.



R. E. SELBY, SUPT.

Richard E. Selby.

The subject of this sketch was born at an early period of his existence in Moultrie county, Illinois, on a farm near the borders of the Okaw, a branch of the Kaskaskia. His parents died when he was yet a mere child, but he remained on a farm with relatives until he was fourteen years old, when he entered the Livingston, Illinois, schools from which he graduated, being one of its first graduating class. His early education was further gained in the Indianapolis high school, Central Normal college and DePauw University. His career as a teacher began in 1885 and has been continuous except a year spent at the Illinois State Normal University from which institution he graduated with the class of 1902. In addition to the preparation for teaching already mentioned, Mr. Selby has taken special courses in biology, and school organization and management at the University of Illinois, In 1897 he was one of three successful applicants out of a class of 55, to receive a life state certificate. He occupied several important positions as principal of schools in Central Illinois, and from 1894 to 1900 was principal of the Manteno schools. In 1901, he was chosen superintendent of the Onarga, Illinois, schools by the unanimous vote of the board of education, was unanimously re-elected in 1902, and again in 1903; but was called to a wider field of labor, as superintendent of the Momence Union Schools by the unanimous vote of the Board of Education of that city.

The Accredited Relation

of the

MOMENCE HIGH SCHOOL

to the

University of Illinois.



Algebra	5	Credits
Plane Geometry		"
Solid Geometry		• 6
English Composition		66
English Literature		46
Latin		66
German		
English and American History		66
Greek and Roman History		66
Civics and Economics		66
Physics	-	"
Physiology		6.
Physical Geography		44
-	- 2	
Total	45	Credits

40 Credits are required to enter the Freshman Class of the University.

Freshman Class.

BER

ROW 1.

WILL DURHAM.

FREDA JOHNSON.

LEVI HASLETT.

MAY DUBRIDGE. JOHN BUKOWSKI.

STELLA SMITH.

ROW 2.

BEN BERGER.

JESSIE PIFER.

CLARE PORTER.

STANTON VANINWAGEN.

NELLIE LOGHREY. REX VANE.

BELLE HANSON.

ROW 3.

HARRY ILLUM.

MERYL BOYD.

HARRY HOAG.

HAZEL BROAD.

WILL NICHOLS.

JENNIE PITTMAN. CLYDE SPAHR.

ROW 4.

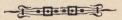
MARIE PARISH.

LOTTIE HESS.

MYRTLE CROSBY.

FRANK DUFRAIN.

LAWRENCE REHMER. CARRIE HANSON.





FRESHMAN CLASS.

History of the Freshman Class.

XXKK

After a separation of several years, our class was reunited in 1903. Most classes are well supplied with plenty of internal greenness. But as our noble class was entirely destitute of that mental deficiency, we tho't we would feel out of place among the others, so we chose green as one of our class colors.

Our members are very noted. We are proud to introduce our artist, Harry Hoag, whose beautiful paintings are for sale at any price from one cent to one dollar. Our noted singer is Lottie Hess, whose voice rivals a bird's in its sweetness, and has been appreciated by all who have heard it. Many people have been held spellbound by the wonderful eloquence displayed by our elocutionist, Marie Parish, while among the most noted athletes of Kankakee County is the freshman, Levi Haslett. The mental power displayed by Myrtle Crosby is simply astonishing, and is the envy of all her schoolmates.

The one trial of our life is the pull at Algebra which takes a great deal of strength to master, but our great trait is perseverance. Our chief accomplishment is music, and some of us are so chuck full of it that during school hours, without the least warning, irrepressible strains of music will burst forth.

The girls are beautiful, the boys are handsome, and the

instructors are above criticism. The attractions of one teacher must be great for, a certain young gentleman changed his seat from the center of the room to the seat in front of her.

But take us up one side and down the other, we're workers.

Latin is the hardest, English is no joke, But when it comes to Algebra, We are all at the end of our rope.



A STORY.

By Laura-Kelsey.

A company of perhaps twenty students from the Armour Institute of Technology were congregated in the parlor of the Armour Y. M. C. A. House. Several Freshmen had been impressing an unappreciative Sophomore with the tale of gayety depicted on the scene the evening before at the "Annual Freshmen Handshake," when Borst the studious Senior derisively remarked "Huh! I can go you one better. Ever hear of night-gown parade of '99?" "Say, what's that all about anyway? Give it to us, will you?" was heard from several parts of the room, and thus invited Borst began. "J. Ogden Armour had just presented the school with a million dollars or so and we fellows that we'd celebrate a bit, so one night, along about mid-night, a whole gang of us, 500 or so, got together and planned a campaign. Each one of us had our night-shirts pulled on over our clothes and thus equipped, we started out.

First we went over and had a jubilee in front of Armour's house, and then we went and gave Dr. Gunsaulus a serenade until the old man had to come out and make us a speech.

Next thing, we bolted for 26th street and took the ele-

vated for up-town.

You can imagine how we looked—five hundred of us ghostly forms stalking 'round. I tell you the motor-man on that car thot he was a gener—but when he found we were flesh and blood, and intended taking the running of the car from him at that, he put up a pretty stiff fight—but of course he was up a fence against all the tellows and we soon escorted him and the conductor, plus the guards, to seats in the car and told them to sit there and

behave themselves.

Well, then we had things our own way. Of course there were passengers who wanted to get off enroute, but we didn't see any stations—we just sailed past them all a-whooping! The fellows were hanging on the gates, out of the windows, and a lot were piled on the roofs, just a-singing and yelling and having the time of their lives.

Well someway the boys let one of the guards get away and the game was up. He slid like a streak down one of the braces, telephoned the cops, and when we got to Mad-

ison Street, our power was shut off.

We piled out of the cars, and there at the foot of the stairs were five patrol wagons and a lot of cops waiting to haul us in. We weren't going to give up that easy. We just boiled down those narrow stairs trying to get away, but they simply gathered us in until they got the wagons full, then drove off.

The rest of us were going to stand by the boys they had nailed, so we followed 'em up and we all landed together at the Harrison Street Police Station.

The sargeant telephoned to Armour and Dean Alderson and in a little while they came over and bailed us out at

\$1 apiece and expenses.

When we started away, Alderson planted himself by the door and as each one of us filed past—thump—would come his foot, and he stood there and kicked every one of that gang of 500 fellows, that being all the faculty ever did about our night-gown parade."

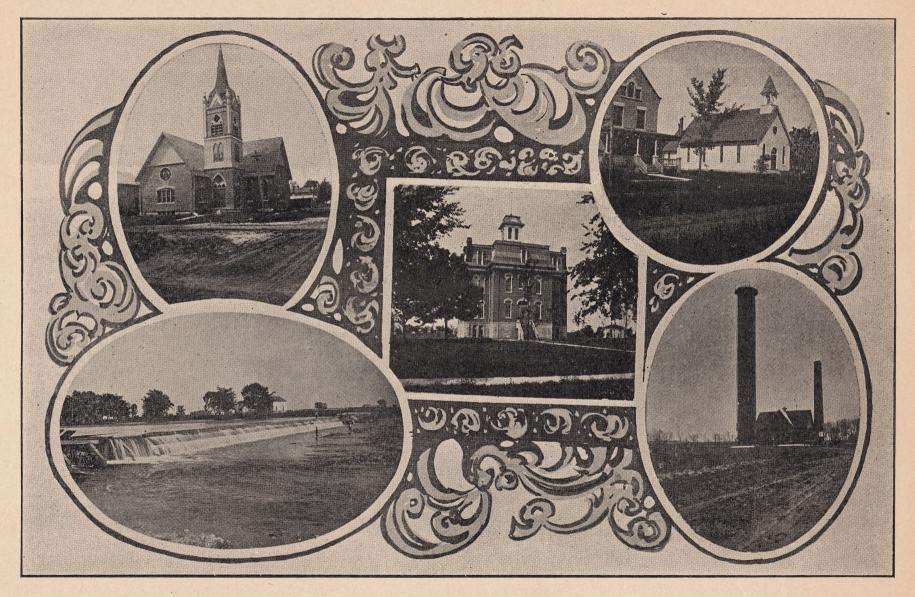
Sugg, the Academic Student laconically remarked "Gee, I'll bet Aldie's leg got tired," and then those freshies

howled.



PARISH CHAPEL. LAYING WATER MAINS.

EPISCOPAL RECTORY, NORTH BRIDGE.



M. E. CHURCH. VIEW OF OLD DAM.

In '61.

First Prize Story.—BY SADIE CROSBY.

"Little mother, I have something to tell you which you will think is bad news."

"Max,-what?"

The tall, handsome young man put his arm around his mother before he answered gently:

"Your two sons are to wear the blue."

"Do you mean that you and Davie are drafted?" The last word was said hesitatingly, as one picks up a bomb.

"Yes, that is just it." Does Davie know?"

"Yes." Then he read the question in her eyes. "He didn't say a word, mother, but his face got as pale as death. It's going to be hard for him. I don't mind for myself. I want to go and help, but I wish you could keep Davie

with you."
"Oh! I

"Oh! I don't see how I can let him go, Max. It's different with you. You are so brave,—almost too brave. But Davie was never meant for anything like that. He will have a great deal more to struggle against than you will. He will have,—that—and all the rest, too. Oh! my poor boy!" she sobbed, covering her face with her hands.

Davie's weakness was always spoken of as "that" by his mother and brother. His father had been a coward, and Davie was the unfortunate victim of it. When a child, he was terrified by Fourth of July fireworks, and now, a young man, he was just as terrified by those larger fire-works which work so much havoc with human life. His mother had early recognized his cowardice, and, trying to counterbalance it, she had taught him to reverence the flag, and had made a true patriot of him.

Now, his head bowed low upon his chest, he was coming dejectedly up the walk, in pitiable contrast to his usual happy, erect carriage. Max caught sight of him thru the window.

"He's coming, mother," he warned. "You mustn't let

him see you like that."

Mrs. Ross ran hastily from the room, and Max turned to meet his brother. Davie kept his face averted, and crossing the room to a window, stood looking gloomily out. With two great strides, Max was by his side, and, clapping his hand on his shoulder, said: "Don't take it so hard old boy. It won't be half so bad as you think. Why, man, there isn't a truer patriot in this wide land than you, and when you get there, and know you are fighting for your country, you will be as brave as the best. And besides," he added softly, "You must bear up for mother's sake, Davie."

Davie turned and gripped his hand. "You are a good fellow, Max, and I will remember what you said about mother. But it is different with you, and you don't understand. You will do something for your country and make mother proud of you, while I will do nothing but disgrace myself and make her ashamed of me. Oh you needn't say anything! You know how it always has been with me, a—a miserable coward, afraid of a fire-cracker! How under the sun do you think I am going to stand up there, with flying bullets and dead and dying men all around me, and deliberately shoot down my fellow men? It will kill me, and I hope it will, the very first day. That will save me from disgracing you all. I don't see why I needed to be so cursed."

"Davie Ross! Do you know what you are saying? I am ashamed of you! More than I will be if you run in every battle. Is that the way a patriot talks? Is that the

way you remember mother? You don't know anything about what you can do till you try. But mother is coming. Straighten yourself up now." So saying, he left the room.

Mrs. Ross had wiped away all traces of tears, and, as her eyes met Davie's, she smiled bravely. Crossing the room to his side, she said: "So my son is to be a soldier."

"Yes." Davie felt a little hurt that she should take it so lightly. He did not yet know his mother as well as he might. If he had turned around, he would have seen how hard it was for her to keep her voice steady as she said: "Your country needs you, and you will be fighting in a noble cause." Then fearing he would think her cold and unfeeling, she continued, "It will be hard to give up both my boys, but if they are willing to go, I must do my part as bravely as I can."

This unmanned Davie, and turning around, he exclaimed impetuously, "Mother, what is the use of our saying all those things and trying to hide it? You know that I do not want to go, and you know just as well as I do that I won't be worth any more than a dish rag upon a battlefield." Then, as he saw the look of pain on her face, he realized, with an almost overwhelming sense of shame, what he was saying. He forgot himself in his love for her, and said, "Forgive me, mother. I was cruel to talk to you like that. I will want to go, for your sake, and for our country's sake; and I will do my best to make you proud of me."

"There, that is the way to talk."

Mrs. Ross was well aware of what a struggle was in store for Davie, and her heart ached for him; but she did not dare to let him know what she felt, for fear it would completely unnerve him. But it was hard, so hard, to have to give up both her boys, and, of the two, it was by far the hardest to let Davie go. He, gentle and affectionate, had always been the petted darling. She had sometimes

wished he had been a girl, and oh! how she wished it now!

The next afternoon they stood upon the platform at the dingy little station in Kauka. Maxwell, tall and erect, his black eyes flashing, looking every inch a soldier; Davie, his lithe form as straight as a pine, his face pale, his lips pressed into a mere line, and his jaws firmly set, looking as if he were already fighting a fiercer battle than any encountered on the battle-field. Tearful little Mrs. Ross hovered around them, with many parting injunctions. The train came in with a rush and a roar. Then the last hurried good-byes were spoken. Davie lingered for a moment behind Max, and, as his mother clung to his hand, he felt her pressing something into it, and, as a dream, he heard her saying, "Be true to the one

for the sake of the other. Davie."

The conductor yelled, "All aboard," there was the final rush, and before Davie knew it, he was standing on the rear platform, watching a rapidly fading figure waving a handkerchief. When he could no longer see it, he looked in his hand for an explanation of her last words. There was her likeness, wrapped in a tiny silken flag. Thrusting it hastily into his pocket, he went into the car, and sinking into the nearest seat, bowed his head upon his hand, and did not look up or speak up until they reached Odin, where they changed cars, taking the Ohio and Mississippi for St. Louis. At Odin a college friend of Maxwell's boarded the train, and the two boys seated themselves together. Davie sought a corner by himself as before. He could hear the boys talking, but paid no attention until he heard the words: "Taking the baby along too, Max? What is that for? Much good will come of it." Davie flushed and ground his teeth, then he heard Maxwell's voice, low with suppressed anger, saying, "Don't you talk that way, Dick, if you want room in this



INTERIOR OF BAPTIST CHURCH.

seat."

Two weeks later they were upon the battle field. It was only a slight skirmish, for a detachment of their troops had come unexpectedly upon a squad of Confederate soldiers. But when it was over, Max found Davie hiding behind a huge tree in the rear. His face was blanched, his eyes wide with terror, and he was so limp that he could hardly stand. Maxwell was discouraged and mortified. Perhaps he would have been impatient had there not been such a look of mute appeal in Davie's eyes. As it was, he merely tried to brace his brother up before anyone noticed him. But someone did, and more heard of it. One tall, smoke-blackened fellow said: "Have we got a baby in our regiment?" And "baby" Davie was promptly dubbed.

There was no more peace for the sensitive boy. That night, long after the rest were asleep he lay awake, tormented by shame and remorse. The taunts of his comrades cut him, for he had never been used to such things; but what hurt him most was the thot of his mother and her parting words. He drew her picture out and looked at it for a moment in the moonlight, then with a dry sob, thrust it back again. He felt like he was choking, so he crept to the outside of the tent, where he could get the breeze, but that was still worse. Every star seemed a merciless eye piercing him thru and thru. The Katydids were calling to each other, "Who did it?" Who did it?" "He did it! He did it!" and the crickets were singing merrily and unceasingly, "Coward, coward, coward." Thrusting his fingers into his ears, he buried his face in the moist grass and groaned, "Oh my God, help me!"

For a long time he lay motionless, then he telt an arm thrown over him, and he knew that faithful Max was there.

The next day was hot and sultry. The sun was shining

with a blistering heat, and the dust rose in thick clouds around the Union boys as they marched southward to meet the Confederate army. The march was long and tedious, but shortly after noon they found themselves lined up ready for action. A volley of smoke and flame burst from the Confederate ranks, and the Union men fell as tho cut down by an invisible sickle. But those behind pressed forward, stepping over the bodies of their prostrate comrades, and the army again presented an unbroken front. When they were within easy range, they began firing. Soon great clouds of smoke hung over them. Men fell by the score, and the screams and groans of the wounded mingled frightfully with the boom and roar of the guns and the shouts of the fighters. The Union boys were doing nobly, but it was evident that they were being worsted. The Confederates, who greatly outnumbered them, were pressing closer and closer. Still the boys stood firm in the grim face of death.

In the midst of the turmoil was Davie, held by some super-human strength. His face had a ghastly look, and his eyes, a wild unseeing stare. He was almost rigid from terror, and he handled his gun mechanically. Then the body of a falling comrade fell against him, and with a strange shriek, he turned to run. But hark! What was that? High and clear above the din came the call of the bugle, calling the men on. Davie paused for an instant and glanced back. In that glance he saw the flag go down. The standard bearer had been shot. Without a moment's hesitation, he sprang forward, leaping over dead and dying men, and crowding past fighting ones. Seizing the flag, he held it high and pressed forward. Again the bugle sounded. When the flag went down, the men were on the point of fleeing precipitously, but when they saw it floating high in the air again, and heard the

bugle, they broke into cheers and charged upon the Confederates with their bayonets. Nothing could stand before them, and the enemy turned and fled, the Union boys following in hot pursuit. But Davie was not with them. He was lying upon the ground with an ugly wound in his side, from which the life-blood was streaming. He could see the surgeons, hurrying hither and thither, caring for the wounded. How he wished they would come to him! He was so hot and so thirsty! And his side—it pained fearfully.

The broiling sun, as if in pity for the suffering, hid behind a cloud. Soon the cool rain came, and falling like angel's tears upon the awful field of slaughter, moistened hundreds of parched lips and cooled hundreds of fevered

brows.

When the surgeon came to Davie, he found him unconscious, with a look of peaceful satisfaction on his face. A man lying near told him the story, and he said, "So this is the lad who saved the day. He shall have the best there is, but I am afraid there is no hope for him."

He was carried on a stretcher to the operating bench, where skilled hands examined and dressed his wound, which was a deep one. A piece of a shell had done the mischief, and the flesh was mangled and quivering. The doctors shook their heads gravely as he was carried away to the hospital tent.

That evening Maxwell stood looking upon the still

unconscious form of his brother.

"Are you sure there is no chance for him, doctor?" he asked in a trembling voice, and the surgeon answered: "I am afraid not."

In his grief Maxwell forgot where he was, and he said, "Can I not send word to mother? If she came, perhaps she could save him."

The surgeon was a man with a heart, and he answered gently: "My dear boy, your mother couldn't come here. And besides, I am afraid your brother will die before midnight. You may stay with him. He is a noble boy, and you may well be proud of him." Then he hurried away to relieve other sufferers.

For two hours Maxwell watched, then Davie stirred. Tenderly he bent over him and brushed the sunny hair back from the white forehead. At the touch of his hand, Davie opened his eyes, and seeing his brother, smiled. Then his lips moved teebly, and Maxwell, putting his powder-blackened face close, caught the words he whispered with his last breath, "Tell mother I didn't fail."



V=Pi=Dee.

A new Co-ed has alighted in town, U-pi-dee, U-pi-da! In an up-to-datest tailor-made gown, U-pi-de-i-da! The boys are wild, and prex is, too, You never saw such a hulla-ba-loo.

Сновия—U-pi-dee-i-dee-i-da, etc., etc.

Her voice is clear as a soaring lark's, And her wit is like those trolley-car sparks! When 'cross a muddy street she flits, The boys all have compition fits!

The turn of her head turns all ours too, There's always a strife to sit in her pew: 'Tis enough to make a person drunk, To hear her sing old co-ca-che-lunk!

-Songs of all the colleges.

C - v - e P - rm - 1 - v.

Not to be laughed at and scorned because he was little of stature.—Longfellow.

L - - vd C - o - bv.

His life was gentle: And the elements so mixed in him, That nature might stand up and say: 'This was a man."-Shakespeare.

H-r-v H--g,

He had more mischief than ill-will in his composition.—Irving

H - 1 - ie S - 1 - y,

Let her have her way in everything.—Irving.

S - - th R - - m.

A kind of buzzing stillness reigned throughout the schoolroom.—Irving.

D - lb - rt R - lst - n.

A form more fair, a face more sweet, Ne'er has it been my lot to meet.—Whittier.

L - - gh Ke - ls - y,

Three-fifths of him genius and two-fifths sheer fudge.-Lowell.

Fl - v Br - wn,

Thinks it geometry's fault if she's fain, To consider things flat, inasmuch they are plain.—Lowell.

M - r - P - r - sh,

One of those happy mortals of foolish, well-oiled dispositions who take the world easy.—Irving.

H. G.

Dancing, flirting, skimming along.-Watson.

None but himself can be his parallel.—Vheobald.

He could distinguish and divide

a hair twixt south and southwest side,-Butler.

A maiden never bolde,

Of spirit so still and quiet that her motion blushed at itself.

-1 -- Ch - pm - n,

A rosebud set in little wilful thorns,-Tennyson.

- nn - T - mpl - t - n,

Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman.—Shakespeare.

C - rr - - Cl - rk.

She's bonnie, blooming, straight and tall.—Burns.

V - rg - n - - T - bl - r.

A perfect woman, nobly planned, To warn, to comfort, and command.—Wordsworth.

R. E. S - 1 - v.

Laugh, and be fat, sir.-Jonson.

M - r - - W - nn - rh - lm.

The lilies faintly to the roses yield, As on thy cheek, thy struggles vie.—Hoffman,

M - ss F - s - - r.

Exceedingly wise, fair-spoken, and persuading.—Shakespeare.

R. E. S - 1 - v.

Full oft they laughed with counterfeit glee At all his jokes, for many a joke had he,—Goldsmith.

M-r-1 B-v-,

As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean.—Coleridge.

E-w -d C---v.

Of his diete mesurable was he, For it was of no superfluite,

But gret norishing and digestible.—Chaucer.

F-a-k V-n I-- -- n.

He left a name at which the world grew pale.

H-z-1 B-o-d.

And still they gazed, and still their wonder grew, That one small head could carry all she knew.

M-r-1 C-0-b-.

Thy soul was like a star that dwelt apart.—Wordsworth.

B - - t W - 1 - - s.

Nowher so besy as he ther was, And yit he semed besur than he was.—Chaucer.

L-u-a C-o-a-,

She wolde weep if she was a mouse.—Chaucer.

D - n - M - l - er.

Rest is the sweet sauce of labor.—Plutarch.

R - v D - n - - s.

Great works are performed not by strength, but by perseverance.-Johnson.

A Story.

Second Prize for Story.—By Dena Miller.

At the mature age of four, little Edith was the powerful monarch of the household. No task was too important to leave to attend the wants of the owner of that golden map of curls. Seldom were they refused when the brown eyes and baby voice pleaded so prettily for a story.

She was like a fairy child. The many fancies from under those bright curls kept her associates in a maze of wonder. "Now I am Rosy," she would say; and such a little lady she would be: it was, "if you please," and "thank you," on every possible occasion; she hunted grandma's spectacles or mamma's thimble with eagerness; then, she would go to the piano and "practice" gently for a long time. Suddenly, without any warning whatever, she would burst out, "I'm tired of being Rosy!" Then, what a commotion she would stir! She hammered with all her might on the piano, hid grandpa's best spectacles, and ran away when mamma called. Sometimes, she was a kitten or a rabbit or a horse; but, whatever she was, she played her part with attention to the minutest detail.

It was not an unusual thing to find five grown people occupied in Baby's play, and each enjoying it as much as Edith. Again, she would sometimes be left entirely alone to amuse herself. This she did with cqual competence; for her imagination never failed. These games, or plays, as she called them, made her a rather easy child to care for. She would use a box which had been covered for a stool as a milk pail, a dining table, a dish pan, and a bed,

all in the space of ten minutes.

One afternoon Edith expressed a desire to make Aunt Belle a visit. So she was started out with a fresh dress

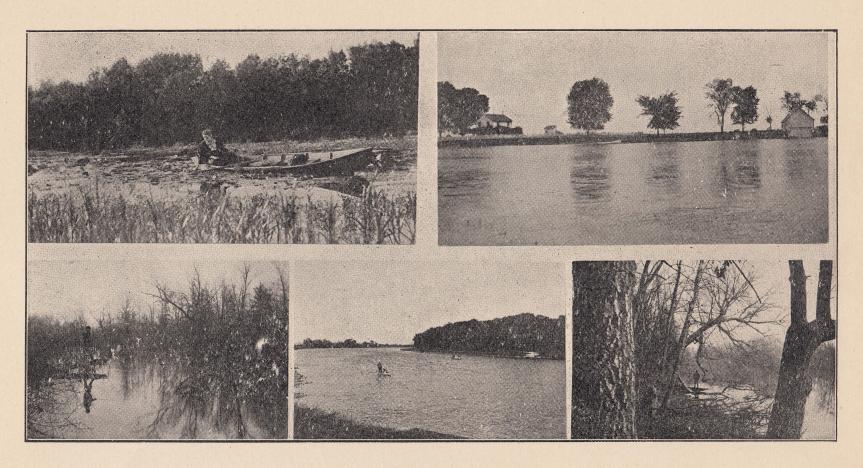
and many admonitions to return by five o'clock. Edith's home was on the north end of the block, and Aunt Belle's on the south end. One old vacant house stood between the two comfortable homesteads. The lot behind the old house was thick with weeds at their rankest August height. A barn, minus doors and windows, surrounded by little tumbledown outbuildings and a pumpless well covered with loose boards completed the scene of neglect. The silent one-storied shanty had no charms for Edith, and she hurried by to the protection of Aunt Belle's roof where she knew she would soon be supplied with caraway cookies, and, accompanied by Lizzie's doll, she would be free to roam over the whole house. At five o'clock, clear, and commanding, came mamma's call. Reluctantly Lizzie's doll was placed in its cradle in the closet and Aunt Belle watched her departure across lots toward home. Mother also saw the start, then hurried back to stir the mush which she was cooking for supper.

The mush was done. Mamma set it on the back of the stove and glanced at the clock. It was half past five. "What had become of Edith? Mamma went to the door and called, thinking the child had stopped to play in the yard. No answer came to her call, so she called again in a few minutes. Grandpa came around the house and asked, "Is Edith lost?" "I don't know where she is. I suppose she went back to Belle's," mamma answered. Grandpa stepped over to Belle's and inquired about it. "Edith? said Aunt Belle," Isn't she home? She left here half an hour ago." "She doesn't answer. We don't know where she is," replied Grandpa as he turned towards home. Aunt Belle and Lizzie, her grown daughter,

followed him calling occasionally as they went.

No answer.

Joined by mamma at the door, they all began a system-



SCENES ALONG THE KANKAKEE.

atic search of the yard, calling right and left.

Papa came out of the barn, and, after ascertaining the trouble, looked in the stalls, the oat bin and corn crib,

and then joined the searchers in the yard.

Irish Annie in the kitchen soon scented trouble and, after spreading the news to Auntie in her studio, ran outdoors followed closely by Auntie. "Let's look in the weeds in the vacant lot," said Annie, as she and Auntie joined the crowd. 'It would be just like her to hide there." With one accord the whole party made for the weed patch, there to be joined by two boys and a dog.

"Oh! oh!" screamed the mother suddenly, "The well—she has fallen into the well! I know she has! Oh my poor baby!" A hushed party stepped quickly to the well. There were numerous trails in the weeds already, and no clue to previous recent presence was obtainable. The cover of the well was partially shoved away. Anxiously they peered down the dark depths, but saw only the reflection of their own faces. A rake spliced out with the hoe handle was shoved into the dark depths. A soft bundle was discovered at the bottom and carefully and quickly it was raised, Much to their relief it proved to be only a bundle of rags left by the last tenant of the miserable house.

By this time the searching party had been joined by a gentleman from across the street and a maiden lady with a maltese cat.

A council was held. They decided to separate—each to take a different part of town and inquire diligently for a lost child.

The half-distracted mother lingered near the spot where she had last seen her baby, hoping by comparative solitude to gain strength to reason out the workings of her baby's mind, and from this to gain a clue as to the whereabouts of her child. From a box which had served its day as the home of a large family of chickens, she heard a strange little "Peep. Peep!" And going towards it she discovered Edith kneeling in imitation of the attitude of a chicken, apparently unconscious of the excitement she was causing. "Oh Edie," cried her mother, "why didn't you answer when you heard us calling, and calling?"

Two earnest brown eyes looked out from under those tangled curls, as she replied with unanswerable logic—"Why mamma, how could I when I was a chicken?"



Resolved that Synching is Never Justifiable.

First Prize for Essay or Oration.—By INA HESS.

To the free, order-loving citizen, this is a question that needs little or no demonstration. Every American is proud of the fact that he is a citizen of the United States of America. This citizenship, of course, brings with it duties and responsibilities as well as privileges. Some of a citizen's privileges are—right of suffrage, assurance of protection, (of both person and property), and eligibility to public office. In return for these he is responsible for the way he uses his right of suffrage, the manner in which he takes advantage of the liberty accorded him, the method he pursues in relation to the laws of his country, the position he assumes respecting the interests of his country: also it is every citizen's duty to be in sympathy with our Republican form of government, to put principle above party, to support the American constitution, to risk his life, if necessary, in the defense of his country. and to use his influence to rid his country of its great evils and to abide by the nation's laws.

Are we living up to our constitution and abiding by

our laws if we permit mob rule and lynching?

Our constitution says that no man shall be denied the right of a trial by jury. Some may say that it takes too long to convict and sentence a man according to law, but it is better to be a little longer and be sure of the guilty person rather than lynch two or three innocent ones. Or, others may argue that he might escape if imprisoned, or buy the court. It would be very difficult for him to escape with our prisons so well guarded, and the improve-

ments we have for tracing refugees from justice, neither could he buy the court, for such persons are allowed little or no money. While it is important that punishment should be prompt and sure, yet the accused have rights which ought to be respected. If our laws are too technical, it is in the power of the people in any state, acting through perfectly lawful channels, to change them to conform to the most enlightened conceptions of modern justice. Citizens may, if they choose, so change the rules of evidence and methods of procedure that every criminal may be accused, tried, convicted, and punished in a very short time.

It has been said that "he reads history to little purpose who does not see in this spirit of lawlessness a peril to the republic far greater than from any form of imperialism." Another old maxim is, that "anger is a brief madness," and the mob can truthfully be called mad for the time. They care nothing for justice; it is simply a thirst

for revenge that leads them on.

The effects of mob rule may be summed up as tollows: The individual man is brutalized, free government is destroyed, and crime is increased. Certainly the growth of a community is not increased by having the reputation of being under mob rule; respectable citizens will not settle there. In most cases respectable citizens are not in favor of lynching and riots, even tho the crime be closely connected with them. As an example of this, let us look at a letter from Mr. Bishop of Wilmington, whose daughter was viciously murdered. He says: "Our cup of bitterness is full, and we ask you to join us in our appeal to all citizens of the commonwealth to refrain from violence. The officers believe that they have all evidence to convict the prisoner, and as soon as the court can reach his case, he will receive sentence to pay the full penalty.

If he can be legally tried this month, let justice be swift; but, if not, let us calmly wait until the law can remove the wretch. Let us not try to atone for one crime, no

matter how hellish, by committing another."

One crime breeds another, for there is always a percentage of every community who are criminals by instinct, and tho cowed by public sentiment and fear into outward respect for legal authority, need only to be incited to become rioters. Thus our duty of crushing down this spirit of lawlessness and raising in its place a feeling of order and unity, is plainly pointed out to us, while lynching is never justifiable.



Ode to James and Sanford's Civics.

Second Prize for Comic Article.—Helen Gray. (With apologies to Shakespeare.)

The quality of Civics I attain is strained. It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven on my addled brain And slideth off. Tis twice forgotten, both the first time And the second. 'Tis mightiest at examination time. It is a source of heartache in that hour to all. The written lesson, too, 's a fearful thing, A trial hauled suddenly before our unsuspecting minds Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of class time. For Civics is above mere mortals reach: I donbt if James himself knows what it means. 'Tis meant to be enthroned on bookcase shelves, And gazed upon with awe and reverence. The mournful wrecks that once were Seniors gay Will ne'er show like themselves till Civics 's done.

Polly Parson's Party.

(Second Prize-Dena Miller.)

Polly Parsons had a party In the woodland near her home; Trees festooned with mosses pretty Softly beekoned you to roam.

Corridors were cool and shady, Formed by trees and bits of sticks; Dining hall was always ready, Pies of sand were baked on bricks.

Cakes and tarts of kinds astounding; Nectar served in acorn cups; Everything was found abounding, That one eats, or drinks, or sups.

Come with pleasure, friends invited. Jip, her dog, and dolly May Mis Pretend, Miss Play "delighted," And Suppose's family.

-J. +10+ +10+ -J-

An Echo from St. Valentine's Day.

What's this the postman brings to me, Reminder of the day When Hearts and Cupids range abroad And Love has right of way.

It breathes a fragrance rich and rare As came from Arcadie! Each purple blossom bears its own Impress of royalty.

Straightway, I drift into a dream, A dream of leafy trees, And grass grown fields, and balmy airs, And flowers and honey bees.

Without, the snow lies whity and cold, And bitter winds upstart: Within, is naught but warmth and cheer,— 'Tis summer in my heart.

Wrapped in this bunch of violets, Lie hope, wealth, life—all three, What need to reck of weather signs Since love abides with me?

The Anthracite Coal Strike.

Second Prize for Essay or Oration.—By LLOYD CROSBY.

The general advance in prices during the past few years, for which there has been no corresponding general advance in wages, has caused numerous strikes and serious disturbances in the labor market and among the working classes, of which the most serious was the late anthracite coal strike, which was not confined to the United States alone, but in France and Switzerland the coal miners demanded better pay and shorter hours.

In the anthracite fields in Pennsylvania, the men received fair wages for what time they worked, but, as the output was limited, they were employed only about two-thirds of the time, and their wages averaged rather low, making it impossible for them to comfortably support their families, and urging them by stern necessity to put forth an effort

One hundred forty-seven thousand men joined in the demand for shorter hours and better wages, refusing to work until at least a part of their requests were complied with. They complained that the methods of weighing were unjust, and that, with the dockage for dirt found in the cars and incorrect weighing, they were often paid for

mining one ton when really they had mined two.

However, not all the mines in the anthracite region quit work. Between these and the strikers there was constant friction. Men working in the mines were stoned, beaten, boycotted, mobbed, or hung in effigy. One school teacher lost his position because his father refused to strike, and boards of education were requested not to hire teachers whose relatives were working in the mines. Even the children of the men working in the mines were mobbed

and beaten by the children of the strikers, and the more reckless of the men used dynamite to wreck the bridges of the coal-carrying railroads. Notwithstanding the warnings and efforts of the union leaders, affairs were conducted in such a high-handed manner that finally the sheriff was unable to keep order; and Governor Stone called out the entire National Guard of the state, consisting of ten thousand men.

Meanwhile the strikers were not receiving their wages, and necessity was urging them harder than ever. They were willing to make concessions and resume work if part of their requests were granted. But when this failed, they were anxious to have the matter referred to a commission for arbitration.

But the anthracite oligarchy, composed of the operators, and headed by George F. Baer, gave a flat refusal saying, "We will starve the miners into complete submission." George F. Baer even went so far as to say that God gave the miners to them. They claimed they could not raise the wages and refused to recognize the union in any way whatever, at the same time proposing to change the mining system so that, instead of having one miner in a chamber with a laborer, he being paid by the ton and hiring his own laborer, one miner should be placed in charge of about ten chambers and as many laborers, he to be paid by the day and the company to pay the laborers, which would cause from seventy to seventy-five thousand miners to be thrown out of employment.

At last the situation became so intolerable that President Roosevelt invited the operators and union leaders to meet in a conference, in which he exerted his influence to bring about an agreement. The operators were willing to make concessions, but defeated everything by their refusal to recognize the union, even suggesting that, instead of deal-



PHYSICS CLASS AT WORK.

ing with Mr. Mitchell, the President should call out the army and protect the men who were willing to work. To this Mr. Mitchell replied that the great majority of the

men preferred to continue the strike.

As early as October, anthracite coal advanced to twenty-one dollars a ton, and later became so scarce that in New England, New York, and Philadelphia the schools were closed, the coal held by them being distributed among the poor. As the weather grew colder, the situation became more serious, the number of people suffering from lack of fuel increasing to twenty millions, while in the western states the people burned corn, and towns in various parts of the country confiscated coal passing through their borders.

Under these conditions, public sentiment bore heavily on the operators, who seemed to care for nothing except their own selfish interests. It was proposed that Pennsylvania should exercise the right of eminent domain, seize the mines, and, after paying a fair price for them, either operate them under government control or grant them to persons who should operate them for the interests of the public. Also resolutions favoring compulsory arbitration were passed, and various legal proceedings, under the state and national monopoly acts, were recommended, while in New York and Boston such proceedings were actually begun. The operators were denounced everywhere, in the pulpit and by the press, even by conservative people, as "Systematic and unblushing law-breakers." It was only under this tremendous pressure that the operators finally agreed to arbitration; even then however, they attempted to dictate from what classes the President should choose the commissioners. But yield they must, for the public would no longer tolerate their arbitrary policy.

Accordingly the miners resumed work October 23, and

President Roosevelt appointed the following men to arbitrate their difficulties: George Gray, Judge of the United States Circuit Court; Gen. John M. Wilson; E. W. Parker, Chief Statistician of the United States Geological Survey; Bishop Spalding of Peoria, Ill.; E. E. Clark, Grand Chief of the Order of Railway Conductors; Thomas H. Watkins of Scranton, Penn., and Carroll D. Wright, United States Commissioner of Labor.

After this court of arbitration had been in session four days, the operators, through their attorney, Mr. McVeigh, offered to make an agreement with the miners outside of the court, in which they succeeded on all points except recognition of the union, on which the contention was so strong that it upset all the rest. Also there was another faction which wished the court of arbitration to investigate the case, in order that the true state of affairs might be known and the whole thing be made public. This was composed of the independent operators, who claimed that they could not pay advanced wages and the exhorbitant freight rates charged by the coal carrying roads.

Many tales of woe and persecution were recited before the commission, of which this is one: A crippled old man who had worked in the Markle Company's mines for nineteen years, was evicted on a cold, rainy day, and obliged to move his sick wife seven miles, which caused her death. And of the purse of one hundred sixty-seven dollars collected by the miners for his relief, the Markle Company took all but twenty-five dollars for rent and supplies. The chief complaint which the operators made before the court was that the unions tried to dictate to them the manner in which they should conduct their business.

By March 16, 1903, the work of the coal strike commission was complete, and their report was published March 21. Their principal recommendations were an advance of

ten percent of wages for contract labor and a reduction of one hour for time hands, the introduction of the sliding wage scale, no restriction of the out-put except by contract, the settlement of difficulties by a joint board of conciliation, and compulsory investigation by the government. Also they reported the losses to be, to the mine owners \$46,100,000; to the transportation companies \$28,000,000;

and to the employes \$25,000,000.

Hitherto legislation on the capital and labor question has dealt entirely with the rights of the employer and the employed, giving no consideration to the rights of the public. Before the era of strong labor unions and capital combines and trusts, the interests of the public were protected by the law of supply and demand. Then a local disturbance between a few laborers and an independent capitalist could not be very far-reaching and could have no effect on the public. But when all of the men employed and all of the capitalists engaged in an industry combine into strong organizations, the case is vastly different. Then difficulties between the employer and the employed might easily cut off the entire supply of an article, and cause more severe suffering than that caused by the late coal strike.

A new way of treating the capital and labor question nas been introduced, and a valuable precedent established. But, above all, the eyes of the nation have been opened to the need of legislation regulating the trusts and labor unions. In the case of the coal strike, arbitration was successful, but there is nothing to ensure successful arbitration in the future.

In consideration of existing conditions and changes, it is very desirable that measures should be taken to protect the public from the disasterous results of these capital and labor wars. Just how to do this and at the same time give

proper protection to the capitalist and to the laborer is an open question, upon which there is much discussion. Some advocate compulsory arbitration; others claim that public control will solve the problem. Also public ownership has received a great impetus, while many claim that public investigation and the fixing of responsibility by reports published by the authorities will furnish the needed restriction.

- 1-10-10-3-

Come Students All!

Tune of "Grand Old Nassau Hall."
First Prize.—Helen G. Gray.

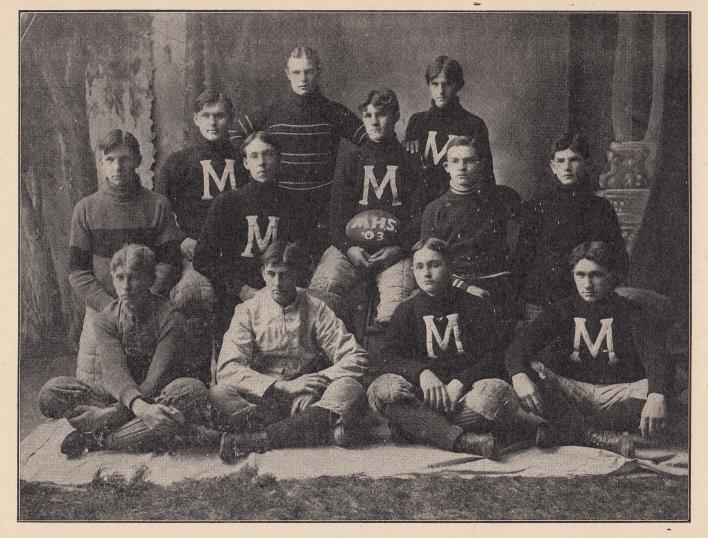
Come students all and sing the praise
Of this our high school dear:
The mem'ry of these happy days
Will brighten many a year.
The hours we've spent within these walls
While learning text or rule,
Will ever seem our happiest time,—
Then here's to our high school,

CHORUS.

Here's to our school, our dear old school!
For, searching far and near,
You ne'er will find a brighter place,
Or one that's half so dear.

And when we've gone out in the world
To live and work for fame,
May others strive to keep alive
Our dear old high school's name;
And, when at last old age is ours,
It's mem'ry still is clear
Our hearts will keep a corner warm
For this, our high school dear.

CHORUS.



FOOT BALL TEAM.

The Brutus of the 19th Century.

BY BERT WILLIS.

First Prize Oration in Momence High School Oratorical Contest, May 3, 1904.

Loyalty is the real essence of patriotism. Those who are loyal to one conception are as truly patriots as those who are loyal to another. The test of patriotism like the test of any other moral quality, is not success, but loyalty to conviction; and by that test man must be judged.

Patriotism is sometimes misdirected and not until after the deed is done is the error seen. Take for example the Brutus of Julius Caesar. Here we find a man actuated by the purest, the most patriotic and loftiest principles, a soul, prodigal in grand promise and brave words. A true patriot, every inch of him. He loves Caesar as well as he loves himself, but he knows Caesar is constantly gaining power, and he fears he will obtain the crown, and thus convert Rome into a kingdom. He enters into a conspiracy and after sincere deliberation, he decides to thrust a dagger into Caesar's side, not for his own cause, for he says: "If anyone should ask me why I rose against Caesar, I would say, not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. As Caesar loved me I weep for him, as he was fortunate I rejoice at it, as he was valiant I honor him, but as he was ambitious I slew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honor for his valor and death for his ambition."

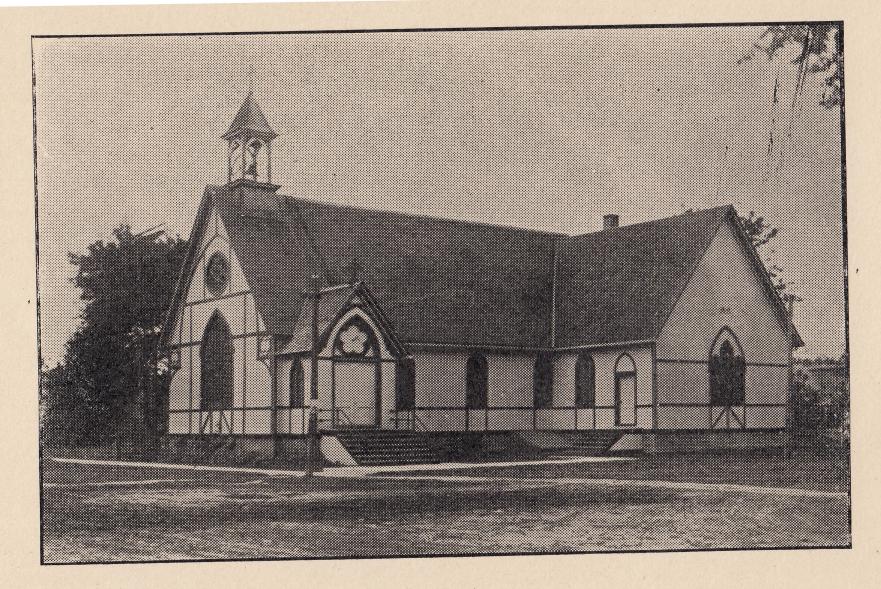
O, that he might have seen that he was striking down the noblest man in Rome's dominions; but alas! the deed is done by a man purely from a misplaced virtue. Caesar's brief triumph is over. Mark Anthony has recited his virtues over his bier; Rome has wept and then forgotten him in the absorbing splendors of the Tiber City; but his memory will survive forever, fresh in eternal youth, exempt from mutability and decay, and the echoes of that name will resound in the corridors of time down through all the coming ages. A man who was called to dominion by nature, and whose noble life was taken by a man whose motives were right and his judgment wrong.

Thus we have seen the "Brutus" of Julius Caesar; let us

look at the "Brutus" of the Nineteenth Century.

The name of our hero does not come before the country shrouded in mystery, but it comes with an abundant historical association. Our hero was a native of Virginia, a man who is loved by the North as well as by the South; and although he marched under the black flag of treason, we cannot condemn him, for he thought it was his duty. And it seems that royal America, draped in the regal purple of her flag, and crowned with the golden glory of its stars, must cry even over his grave, "My son!" "My son!" Who will ever forget that the spring of "61" when the whole country was thrown into disputes and turmoils, which as we all know ended in the Civil War! Our hero knew that as soon as the cohesive influence of present danger was withdrawn, the states composing the Confederacy might again separate. He clearly saw, that instead of a proud and united nation, which was winning the admiration and commanding the respect of the world; the American states, North and South might soon present a shameful spectacle. He might have seen the soil of the opposing republics in war, after war, drenched in human blood, and the genius of American freedom perish by the folly and fury of those who once worshiped at her shrine.

Compromises were made to benefit both sides but all in vain, war could not be averted and the Confederates fired the first historic shot, which pursued its way to a silent fortification. A white smoke floated after it and melted



EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

and therefore the grandest wealth of victory rests upon the head of the defeated conspirator. So it is with our hero, who never slighted a duty, and who when first called to the command of a regiment, unsheathed his sword, and raising it toward heaven, registered a solemn oath never to strike the glittering blade against "Virginia," his native state.

His character was regal and massive, the qualities he displayed are worthy of the highest admiration! Incorruptible integrity! Invincible courage! Undying patriotism! Scrupulous fidelity to duty! Loyalty to friendship! What a glorious galaxy of grand virtues! His marvelous achievements will be forever emblazoned on the pages of history, and eloquent and impassionate orators will thrill the hearts of millions, yet unborn, as they pronounce his illustrious name and portray in fitting words the splendor of his fame. Rise proud monuments in majestic grandeur, till your summits pierce the clouds and kiss the over arching vault of heaven! With mute but moving eloquence proclaim to coming generations the glory of his renown.

With what infinite patience he endured the acutest anguish, with fortitude which could not be shaken, with calmness which could not be ruffled, with cheerful confidence in the goodness and mercy of the Great Father; with unshaken faith in the immortal life beyond, mourning only for the loved ones left behind, he stepped slowly into the dark river and the misty current of eternity veiled him from view forever.

His life will continue fresh in the memory of ages to come, and posterity will cherish and eternity keep guard over his name. This man, this general, this statesman is Robert E. Lee. America's tragically mistaken and misunderstood patriot.

A True Story.

FRANK VAN INWAGEN.

A few evenings before last Hallowe'en, I was walking past the Central School House on the street west of it. Behind me, I heard some one lightly running, and, when the runner turned in toward the school building, I immediately scented a Hallowe'en prank and became quite interested. I stopped and tried to distinguish who he was. But it was too dark and the runner was darkly dressed and wore a close-fitting cap.

The boy stopped when he reached the engine-room and, as I could not see him well, I crept nearer. There he stood under one of the windows near the pump peering around in the darkness. He had a board about three feet long under his arm and soon he laid it on the ground under a window which has near it a water pipe running up the side of the building. Then he tied a rope around his waist and started to climb the pipe. When about halfway up to the window, some one noisily closed a door in a house across the street and started down the walk, whistling a merry tune. Quick as a flash, the boy dropped to the ground, picked up his board, and hid himself behind the coal shed.

When all danger had past, he came forth again and started up the pipe. This time he seemed more successful, but just as he lifted the window sash a few inches, footsteps were again heard and down he came, light as a cat, and was out of sight in a jiffy.

Again, with the persistence of the British at Bunker Hill, he ascended the pipe. When near the window, he carefully pushed it open and, after a few vain attempts, landed a foot on the sill and soon disappeared within.

Then he began to pull up his board which seemed to have some nails or hooks. These scratched against the brick walls and made a little too much noise for all of a sudden some one called out in stentorian tones, "Stop! Get down from there!"

Well, something did get down from there. Something black just fell from the window, lighted on all fours, and with that precious board, was soon behind the coal shed.

Up came a man, the janitor, breathing hard and white as a sheet. He went behind the coal shed and there found the boy adjusting a cord thru the pulleys which were on the board.

"What were you doing up there?"

"Going to get a text book, Applied Mechanics of the Science, Physics, so as to find out, by just what route, this rope should go thru these pulleys so as to make the least resistance to the physical powers of the bell ringer, when he pulls the bell rope to ring the bell, to call us to school at 8:30 o'clock in the morning," was the calm reply.

"Oh, I see," said the abashed janitor, "but you had bet-

ter wait till morning."

"All right," said the ladeas he trudged homeward with board under his arm.

Waking up from a bad dream, very, very early in the morning, I heard the school bell tolling dolefully. That boy had waited till morning and was then ringing the bell so as to test his contrivance.

Next day, my daughter came home from school, telling of the wonderful contrivance by which the school-bell might be rung by some one standing out in the school yard. To this day the machine is greatly prized and remains hidden in the desk of the inventive scholar.

"Science about Shadows." R. E. Selby. 6x10 in. Cloth or paper. Pr. \$1.00. Reduction made to schools. Minton Press.

This is a scientific age—an age of investigation, and here we have a new field invaded and captured. This is a treatise upon shadows, and sets forth the theory that no man is so thin that he can not cast a shadow. It gives formulae for the use of thin men by which the best possible shadow results may be obtained. Interesting as well as instructive.



"The Way to Succeed." Gilbert Willis. 5x9 in. Cloth. Illustrated by Helen Gray. Pr. \$1.50. P. R. Evaricator & Co., publishers.

We are glad to notice that this versatile author has turned his attention to a new field. He has written odes and sonnets and all sorts of prose composition in a secular line, but now he has turned to religious topics. This book is a treatise on how to endure the wear and tear of examination, and among the serious holiday books, it is the favorite. It is published in an attractive form, having a white cover with the figure of a kneeling child upon it in gilt.

Year Book Contest and Banquet.

When the Year Book of 1904 became the chief topic of conversation among the pupils of the High School, especially those of the Junior Class, one could not help but notice on the faces of the Freshmen and Sophomores a look of longing for the time when they would hold the honored place the third year class now holds, and even the Seniors wore a smile as they that of the good (?) times they had had the preceding year.

When these signs became apparent to the Juniors, they at once, not wishing to appear selfish about the matter, suggested a plan whereby the High School was to be divided into two sections to solicit subscriptions for the Year Book. The side obtaining the smaller number of subscriptions by March 18, was to give a banquet to the other side. If this plan was carried out the High School should receive one-third of the net proceeds of the Year Book fund.

The plan was accepted, and Lola Vane and Hallie Selby chose sides for the contest. For the next month or two excitement reigned supreme, each side wishing to be guests at the coming festival.

At last the time for closing the contest came. The subscription blanks were counted. The result was—Lola's side had 141. Hallie's, 147.

The date of the banquet was April 23, and the event will be remembdred by all present as one of the most pleasant ever held in the school building.

The hall was cleared of most of the chairs and left free for games, which were played by "old and young" during the early part of the evening. Once or twice the more timid ones were frightened by ghostly forms which appeared and disappeared in a very mysterious manner.

But all this was forgotten when the "clear, silvery" notes of the supper bell were heard, announcing that the banquet was ready. And such a feast! The work-shop was very artistically decorated in red and white, and two long tables were set down the center of the room. Everyone just "ate and ate until they couldn't eat any longer." There were several noted speakers among us, and these favored the rest with glowing accounts of what our base ball and basket ball teams were going to do in the future.

After returning to the hall, a program was announced, to be given by the victorious side, which was a surprise to them if not to the others. But they responded well, and, after singing several High School songs, the company dispersed, all declaring the defeated side royal entertainers.



To publish a school paper Is but very little fun, Especially if subscribers Will not remit the "mon."—Ex.

"All history repeats itself," A proverb claims I've heard, But when in class I'm called upon, Mine never says a word.—Ex.

"Here take this rifle," cried the excited show-man.

"The leopard has escaped. If you find him shoot him on the spot."

"Which spot sir?" gasped the green circus hand.—Ex.

Momence High School.

Here's to our High School! Let everyone shout. Momence! Rah! Rah! Momence! There ne'er was one like it There can be no doubt, Momence! Rah, Rah! Momence!

CHORUS.

M-O-M-E-N-C-E. M-O-M-E-N-C-E. M-O-M-E-N-C-E. Momence! Rah, Rah! Momence!

Chemistry's easy, biology's fun, Momence! Rah, Rah! Momence! When our lessons are over We cry cause they're done, Momence! Rah, Rah! Momence!

Our learned professors Converse but in Greek, Momence! Rah, Rah! Momence! And, we hope ere long Purest Latin to speak, Momence! Rah, Rah! Momence! CHO.

In athletics too, we have
Made a great name,
Momence! Rah, Rah! Momence!
With a little more money
We're sure to win fame,
Momence! Rah, Rah! Momence! CHO.

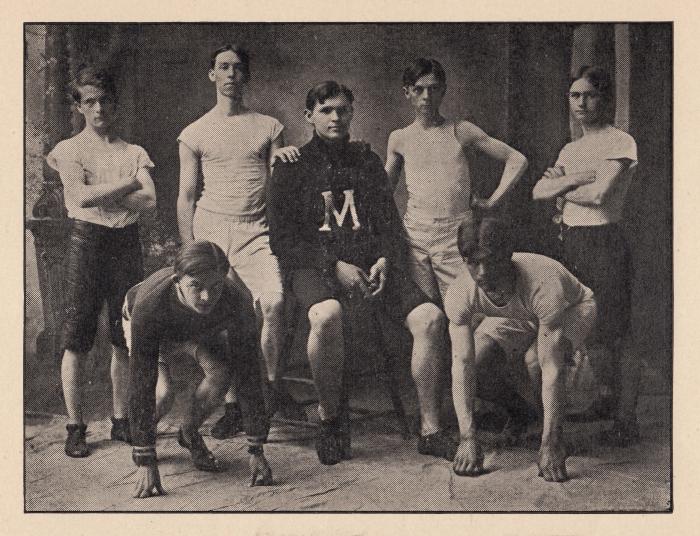
Then here's to our High School!
Let everyone shout.
Momence! Rah, Rah! Momence!
There ne'er was one like it
There can be no doubt,
Momence! Rah, Rah! Momence! Cho.

-£-0--0-3-

The teachers and pupils of the High School hereby express their thanks to Father Labrie for the Scientific American and Literary Digest during the present school year; to Rev. O. T. Dwinnell of Watseka, for the excellent lecture given by him May 3; and to those who contributed the cash for the Year Book prizes.



We always laugh at teacher's jokes, No matter how bad they may be! Not because they are funny folks, But because it's policy.—Ex.



HIGH SCHOOL TRACK TEAM.

FRANK VANINWAGEN.

FRED MORSE. LEIGH KELSEY. JAY GARRETT. HARRY HOAG. CLYDE PARMELY. LEVI HASLETT.

The Fifth Annual Meet

Of the Kankakee County Athletic Association, held at the Kankakee District Fair Grounds, May 20, 1904.

For the fourth successive time the Momence High School boys proved their superiority in athletics over the Kankakee boys. This year four schools were represented, Kankakee, Herscher, St. Anne and Momence. Enthusiasm ran high although the meet was conceded to Momence by all present before half the number of events had transpired. The interest centered in the close contest between Kankakee and Herscher for second place and during the first half of the contest Herscher was in the lead for second place, but having only three men in the meet they were finally surpassed by the County Seat boys.

The relay race was not run as it could not have possibly

altered the rankings of the schools.

The score card shows: St. Anne 3; Herscher 22; Kan-

kakee 40; Momence 61.

A careful analysis of the score card shows that the Momence boys would have won with a larger proportional score had neither Herscher nor St. Anne contested, but we are very glad that these schools entered as it stimulated our boys to greater effort and the unknown quantities gave more interest to the Solution of the Equation.

The greatest number of points won by an individual contestant was 37, credited to Levi Haslett of Momence; the next highest, 18 points to F. Wright, Herscher; and the third to F. Van Inwagen of Momence, 15 points.

If Haslett and Van Inwagen had been the only two entered by Momence and all the other points won by Momence gone to Kankakee, their points 52 in all, would have given the contest to Momence over Kankakee by a score of 52 to 49.

Official Score.

	1	50-yd. dash,	Time: 6 sec	won by Haslett
	-	F. Van Inwagen	Momence	L Haslett 1st
1		G. Padley, 3rd	Herseher	F Wright 2nd
	-	C. 1 addey, Statement) - II1-44
	2	Shot Put, distance, 39 feet 4½ i L. Haslett, 1st	n	won by Haslett
1		L. Haslett, 1st	Momence	J. Garrett, 3rd
		C. Dyer, 2nd	Kankakee	H. Gleason
	3	100 yd. dash,	Time, 10 3-5 sec	won by Wright
		F. Van Inwagen, 3rd	Momence	L. Haslett, 2nd
		F. Wright, 1st	Herscher	
	4	Hammer Throw,	Distance 04 ft 4 in	won by Dyer
	*	L. Haslett, 2nd	Momence	I Garrett 3rd
		C. Dyer, 1st	Vankakoo	H Glescon
1		C. Dyel, Ist	IXAIIRAREE	Title Citation
1	5	220 yd. dash	Time, 26 sec	won by Wright
1		L./Haslett, 2nd	Momence	F. Van Inwagen
		F. Wright, 1st	Herscher	
		H. Gerrish, 3rd	Kankakee	
	6	Standing High Jump, Height,	4 ft. 2 in won by	Haslett and Van Inwagen
		L. Haslett.		
		R. Munger, 3rd	Herscher	C. Inkster
	_	Standing Broad Jump		
	7	L. Haslett. 1st	Memories 10 It	E Ven Inwagen 2rd
		D. Bass, 2nd		
	8	120 yd. hurdle	Time, 18½ sec	won by Wright
		L. Kelsey, 3rd		
		F. Wright, 1st	Herscher	
		Gerrish, 2nd	Kankakee	
	9	880 yd. run	Time, 2 min, 30 sec	won by Topping
		C. Parmely	Momence	F Morse, 3rd
1		H. Topping, 1st	Kankakee	A Shoven 2nd
	10			
	10	Pole vault	Height, 9 It. 2 III	won by van inwagen
		F. Van Inwagen, 1st	Momence	L. Hasiett
		R. Munger, 3rd H. Gerrish, 2nd	Hersener	D. Duogagaga
	11	Running Broad JumpL. Haslett, 1st	Distance, 18 ft. 7 in	won by Haslett
		L. Haslett, 1st	Momence	F. Van Inwagen, 3rd
		E. Andereck, 2nd	Kankakee	H. Gerrish
1	12	Running High Jump	Height 5 ft 1 in	won by Gerrish
1	14	L. Haslett, 2nd	Momence	F Van Inwagen 3rd
		H. Gerrish, 1st	Kankakee	(4 Rurch
1	13		Time, 56 sec	won by Gerrish
		F. Van Inwagen, 2nd	Momence	L, Kelsey
		F. Wright, 3rd	Herscher	
		H. Gerrish, 1st		
1	14	1 Mile Run	Time, 5 min. 53 sec	Won by Morse
1	THE R	F. Morse, 1st	Momence	C. Parmely
1		H. Topping, 2nd	Kankakee	L. Deselm, 3rd
				A CONTRACTOR OF THE PARTY OF TH

Judges:-Prof, C. E. Ferry; Edward Porter, Momence. Starter-W. Hickox, Kankakee. Referee-W. Rice, Kankakee. Timers-I. E. Neff, Kankakee; R. E. Selby, Momence; F. Murra, St. Anne; E. Hultgrenn, Herscher.

County Oratorical and Declamatory Contest

At Arcade Opera House, Kankakee, Ill., May 20th, 1904.

PROGRAM.

Invocation	Rev. Dr. Laverty
Music	St. Anne H. S. Girls' Glee Club
Explanatory Remarks	Pres. Clyde F. Dyer
ORATI	ons.
"Restriction of Foreign Immigration"	Benjamin W. Wilson, Kankakee
"Democracy"	Harvey Robillard, St. Anne
"The Brutus of the Nineteenth Century"	
"Energy, Persistence and Ability"	Edith Anderson, Herscher
Music	Kankakee High School Boys' Glee Club
DECLAMA	TIONS.
"Jerry, the Bobbin Boy"	Evelyn Paddock, Kankakee
"The Honor of the Woods"	Georgya Brouillette, St. Anne
"As the Moon Rose"	Floy Brown, Momence
"The Mourning Veil"	Ida Peterson, Herscher
Music	Kankakee Glee Club
Decision of the Judges.	

The orations were well written and well delivered. The declamations showed much careful training and were delivered in a manner which reflected credit upon their re-

spective schools.

The highest honor of the occasion, first place in oratory, was won by Gilbert Willis, there being an average of about 5 percent between the grade given him and that given to Mr. Wilson, who won second place. Mr. Willis received \$10 in gold and the Momence High School will hold the county cup for one year at least. Mr. Wilson received \$5 in gold.

In declamation Miss Paddock won first place for Kan-

kakee, and received \$10 in gold, and Miss Peterson, who represented Herscher, received \$5 as a second prize. The marks of the judges, in declamation, were very close, and Momence's representative, Miss Brown, was very close to those who were awarded first and second; indeed, many who heard the program thought, before the judges decision was made up, that she would win first place; but the judges were wholly disinterested and Momence is not inclined to find fault.

The judges were Prof. C. E. Ferry of Purdue University, Supt. O. J. Banium of the Paxton schools, and Principal W. C. Chapman of the Sheldon High School.





GILBERT WILLIS.

Kankakee Comment:-"We thought his name was Wilson, but it's Willis."



RESIDENCES OF W. G. NICHOLS & J, H. LLOYD. VIEW FROM WALNUT STREET.

M. E. PARSONAGE.
ISLAND PARK.

The Relation of the School to Business bife.

BY SUPT. R. E. SELBY.

The subject assigned to me to discuss this morning, "The relation of the school to business life" is one which has called forth much discussion during the past decade. The anathema that schools are impracticable, that they do not prepare for life, have been constantly hurled at our public schools. There was a time when it was thought that the way to become a skillful physician was to read medicine for a short time in the office of the family physician, sweep his office daily if time permitted, curry and saddle his horse, then to attend a short course or two of lectures at some medical college, good, bad or indifferent, open up an office, hang out a shingle and then learn to do by doing. Indeed, I have known within my own time a man who boasted that he did not read medical works nor attend courses of lectures, but practiced on 50 years' experience. The poor man never knew of his numberless mistakes for the undertaker covered each up carefully, and soon after it was made. The road to the bar was a similar one, and for a genius like Lincoln it was all well and good, but who dares even guess at the countless failures of the mediocre who might have attained fair degrees of success, with a rigid course of dicipline such as the candidates for each of these professions are now required to pass through. The demands of life then were not so strenuous, the competition in these professions was not so sharp. A few great lights shone forth like the great sun at mid-day, but the rank and file were below what we now regard as mediocre. The free public school has educated the masses, the masses are fast refusing to employ untrained, unskilled professional men and thus has

been brought about a higher standard of skill and culture in these professions. I am aware of the fact that some will challenge the statement that an enlightened public sentiment has wrought the change, but will contend that it has been accomplished by legislation. As an illustration of what legislation not backed up by an aroused public sentiment can do, how many dead letter-laws have we in our City ordinances and on our statute books today? As an example of what may be accomplished by an intelligent public sentiment without legislative enactment, I wish to call your attention to the condition of educational affairs in the commonwealth of Massachusetts. There teachers are not licensed, yet no state has a greater proportion of trained teachers in its graded schools, and few if any have more college and university graduates in their high school faculties.

Not only has the public school wrought wonders in moulding public sentiment in favor of a higher professional training, but it has broken down the barrier between country and village and city life. The country boy and girl have entered our city and village schools and have proved themselves the peers and in many instances the superiors of the town lad and lass, equal mind, and too often superior morally and physically because of his early freedom from the contaminating influences of the streets, and because of the stability of character which can be gained only through steady occupation of mind and body. No longer is the country lad who comes to town with his father on Saturday afternoon, or who enters the town school for the first time, guyed by the town boys, until he loses all patience and thrashes the conceit out of several would be dandies. The public high school has brought about this change. It is the leveler of society. It is the plane where the rich man's son and the poor man's son meet on the same level and measures up according to individual merit. In the language of the Hon. Henry S. Boutell in his address to the delegates to the conference of Secondary Schools of the United States held at Evanston last November, "It is the School of Good Citizenship." "It is the College of the People." Quoting further from the same able address. Mr. Boutell says: "Today we think that the main function of the high school is to prepare a young man for self-support and for success in business. So far as it goes, this, of course, is a useful function. It is natural that today we should regard this as the only, or chief, function of the high school, for this is a materialistic age, and we are a commercial people."

"If, however we look a little way into the future, can we not discern the desirability, nay, the imperative necessity, of devoting our public school system to other ends besides those which are purely individualistic, utilitarian, and, therefore, temporary? Is there not something in the signs of the times which suggests that we should use every possible agency for instilling into the minds of the youth of this nation a holy zeal for the welfare of the republic? And how can we reach the youth of the nation more readily than through the public schools? In the future, therefore, our system of free education while it will do no less than it now does for the individual, must do much

more than it now does for the commonwealth."

"That many of our citizens neglect their public duties is true; but the neglect is largely unconscious and is not the result of evil intention, but of ignorance. Indifference to public affairs is our national disease; the cure is education."

"By what agency shall this ignorance be dispelled and replaced by an intelligent perception of the honors,

rewards, and obligations of American citizenship? I say unhesitatingly by the free public schools. Let us make our high schools the training schools of good citizens. It seems to me that we have never realized what a powerful instrument these schools can be made for the service of the commonwealth."

All who think seriously on the matter will agree with Mr. Boutell, that the training for good citizenship is the primary function of the public school; but who is the good citizen? Were I called upon to give a definition of a good citizen, I would say, the good citizen is the one who has been trained to know truth, think correctly, to will to do

and to do that which is right.

The civilization into which the child is born must determine largely what habits and customs he shall be taught in the home, before he reaches school age, what he shall study in school as well as what skill he shall acquire in some one of the definite series of trades, professions or business pursuits. This civilization makes a demand upon the school from two sources; viz., the state and the community. Neither should be ignored. The demand made by the state for good citizenship has already been discussed. The community demand is even greater. It not only demands of the school good citizens in a general sense, but it demands good citizens in the full significance of the term, it demands more, it demands a recognition of local needs. Whether these local demands be ideal or not, it seems that a recognition of these to some extent is the only means of reaching the masses. The demands of the community require that in our curicula some time at least shall be given to what are generally called the utilitarian branches. Some wish to become business men or women, some to enter the professions, some to pursue the mechanical arts, ad infinitium. To what extent then

may the public school specialize? The American public school stands for simple, universal humanity, whose essential constituent is rational, moral, spiritual, intellectual and physical life, and can therefore admit no specialization in education which does not subserve this end. You ask then, "Do you say that there shall be no specialization in the High School?" By no means. I would no more attempt to feed all High School boys and girls on the same mental diet than I would force my son and daughter who differ widely in appetites and needs of physical food, to eat the same kind of food; and we are fast coming to recognize that man can become learned and a benefactor of mankind without even having mastered the Greek alphabet. We need in our courses of instructions more of the branches of study which are real life, subjects which appeal to the minds of our boys and girls, as elements which are real essentials to true and noble living. Subjects of real doing, subjects, every phase of which is activity. Too many of our pupils, figuratively speaking, are pursuing courses in the dead languages, and sometimes we even find them pursuing courses in dead mathematics. In an Ancient History quiz in one of the High Schools of Illinois, one of the questions was, "What are the dead languages?" One of the answers was, "Latin, Greek, Hebrew and English." This may have been a "smart" answer, but it is only a fair illustration of the effect that some of the instruction in the mother tongue has upon the minds of some of our boys and girls.

Coming more to the vital point of this paper, the demands which the world make upon the public school from a business point of view, I would say that it demands that we turn out young men and young women who are capable of making good book-keepers, not those who are good book-keepers; those who have the qualities essential for

good business men, not those who are good business men; those who may by further study become pharmacists, not good pharmacists; those who by further training may become good teachers, etc., all along the line of occupations. In other words it demands and can demand no more than that the boys and girls who leave the walls of the public school, shall be trained and trained thoroughly in those departments of practice and knowledge which are alike essential to success in all lines of life work. What branches seem best calculated to furnish this desired training? How shall our present courses and methods be so modified as to improve upon the present preparations along this line? The real live English will claim its part in the category. The English which trains the pupil to think real thoughts of his own and to express those thoughts in clear, concise language. The English which consists of building up compositions instead of tearing apart those built up by others. The English that permits the boy to express the vivid thought uppermost in his mind instead of setting for him the laborious task of changing twenty infinitive phrases used as adjective modifiers to twenty participle phrases having the same construction. Two darkeys recently met at Jonesville, one hailed from the city of M-, while the other walked all the way from N-. Darkey No. 1 said to darkey No. 2, "You ought to come over to our city and see the vast improvements being made." Said darkey No. 2, "How's dat?" Darkey No. 1 explained that the large factories located in his city had recently moved to better locations, and that wrecking crews were then engaged in tearing down and removing the buildings.

Not so much of our English teaching as formerly is of this type, but I fear too much of it savors of this. We must have a wider study of literature, for literature is life.

More live history work must be introduced, not of the

skeleton text-book type, but more biography, more civics, economic and industrial history. Parliamentary laws and proceedings here claim a share of the student's time, if this Government's existence as a republic shall be perpetuated. Congressman Boutell says that the reason the primaries and conventions are controlled by the few, is because of the lack of training in this important branch. The masses do not know the rules of proceedure. No one will question the importance of mathematics, but I am inclined to think that the value of this branch of work has been too often over-estimated. Science, biological and physical, will of course claim a liberal portion of the time, for in this age of scientific discovery and inventions no one can afford to be ignorant of the laws and principles of Elementary Science.

Last, but by no means least, the demand is made upon the public school to furnish to those under its instruction a limited but thorough training in business forms and practice, not such an extended knowledge of these as is required in any particular occupation, but such as is required in every calling in life in which any business transactions are carried on. The student who leaves school with this knowledge together with habits of promptness, industry and courtesy, will be welcomed by the business world, for the business world today is demanding thinking men who have learned to do, as well as think, and men who have learned to think as well as do.

Class Day 1904.

LAST DAY OF SCHOOL.

DEESTRICT NO. 7, BIRD CENTER.

BEFORE RECESS.

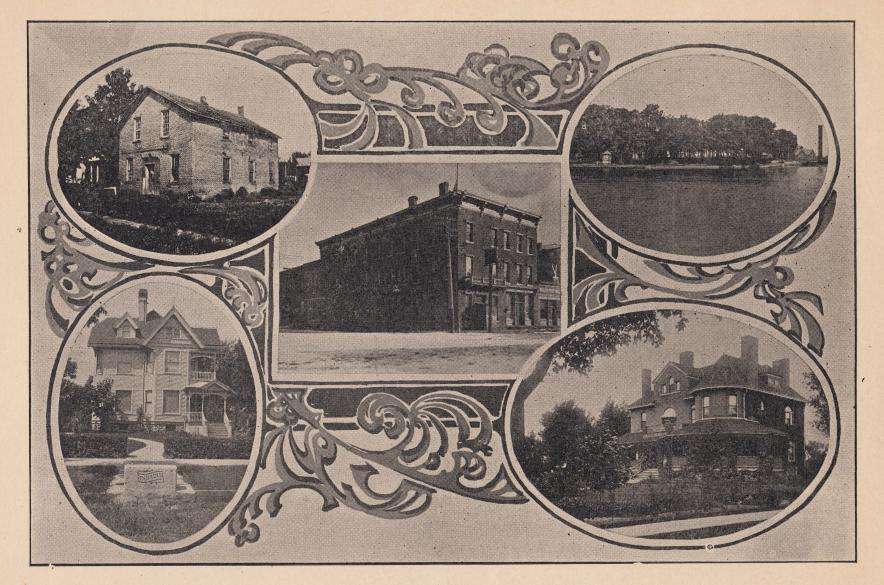
Opening Exercises	Singing
Alfybet	Infant Class
Song	_Infant Class
English Class.	
Physierology Class	

AFTER RECESS

Meeting of Bird Center Literary Society

Meeting of Bird Center Literary Society.			
1.	Music	Latin Song	
2.	Oration	Benjamin Franklin VanInwagen	
3.	History	Gilbert Adolphus Willis	
4.	Music	"The Connecticut Pedler."	
5.	Poem	Helen Samantha Gray	
6.	Prophecy	Caroline Cedelia Clark	
7.	Music	German Song	
8,	Class Will	Agnes Amelia Peterson	
9.	Advice to Undergraduates	Jonathan Clyde Parmely	
10.	Music	"Mary's Lamb"	
11.		Myrtle Mirandy Gibeault	
12.	Class Song		





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VIEW OF ISLAND PARK.
MRS. C. A. WIKSTROM'S RESIDENCE.

EIGE SCEOOL SEVENI.

When Name of State is not Given, it is Illinois.

wnen	Name of Stat	
Class of '77.		
BEERS, (JEWETT) EVABRADY, (HASLETT) MARYGRIFFIN, EVA, (deceased)	Hoxie, Kansas. Rose Lawn, Ind.	
GRIFFIN, L. EMMA, Teacher HASLETT, EATON, Merchant KELLEY, (McKinstry) SARAH LITTLE, (SMITHYMAN) IDA THOMPSON, CLARA, Teacher	Momence. Los Angeles, Cal. Madison, S. D. Grant Park.	
→□ <		
Class of '82.		
CAREY, (BROWN) MAGGIE MORAN, (FITZGERALD) ELLA McDONOUGH, (HUGHES) MARY	Chicago.	
♦०♦ ♦० ♦		
Class of '92.		
HENRY, (CHIPMAN) MARTHA McDANIELS, FRANCES, Teacher MEINZER, (KNIGHTHART) MARY PARADIS, (CULVER) NORA REINS, (RIKER) FLORENCE WATSON, (CLARK) MARTHA	Cairo. Momence. Momence. Momence.	
∻∞ +••		
Class of '93.		
DU MONTELLE, (SHRONTZ) MAUD	St. Anne.	

GRIFFIN, NORMAN, Clerk	Kankakee.
GRIFFIN, CARRIE, Teacher	Grant Park.
KENRICH, JAY, Book-keeper	Wolcott, Ind.
LAMB, BERTHA, Teacher	Momence.
PATRICK, MAUD, Musician	Logansport, Ind.
SWEET, (WHITMORE) MAUD	Momence.
KENRICH, JAY, Book-keeper LAMB, BERTHA, Teacher PATRICK, MAUD, Musician	Wolcott, Ind. Momence. Logansport, Ind.

+0++0+

Class of '94.

BUNTAIN, C. M, C., Lawyer	Kankakee.
CULVER, FRANK, Draughtsman	Chicago.
GROVES, BURR, Clerk	Sparta, Wis,
EINSELE, (NICHOLS) ETHEL	Chicago.
KROWS, RALPH. Reporter	Tacoma, Wash.
LONGPRE, ELMER, Physician	Kankakee.
SIMONDS, MAY, Teacher	Momence.
WILKINSON, (REINS) MINNIE	Kankakee,
WILKINSON, JOHN, Book-keeper	Kankakee.

+0++0+

Class of '95.

ELLIS, GERTRUDE, Teacher	Morocco, Ind.
FREEMAN, HARRY, Dentist	Grant Park.
KNAUR, (Kious) EVA	Momence,
KINNEY, (MELBY) HILMA	Momence.
PATRICK, JESSICA	Logansport, Ind.
POGUE, CHARLES, Merchant	
SAFFORD, EDMUND T. Book-keeper	West Superior, Wis.
SANSTROM, SAMUEL (Deceased)	
WILLIS, FRED, Restaurant	Chicago.

Class of '96.

CAMPBELL, MAGDALENE, Clerk	Momence.
CLARK, ELWYN J., Civil Engineer	Newark, N. J.
CLARK, FRED O., Clerk	Spring Valley.
CULVER, MAY C., Teacher	Momence.
DRAYER, LENA E., Student	Greencastle, Ind.
GRAY, JESSE M., Student	Olivet, Mich.
GRIFFIN, ERNEST, Farmer	Grant Park,
LANDON, CLARA, Kindergarten Teacher	Detroit, Mich.
HOINKE, (BUFFINGTON) MARY	St. Anne.
LANE, GRAYCE, Musician	Sumpter, Ore.

+04 +04

Class of '98.

BIGELOW (INGRAHAM) HARRIET E	Los Angeles, Cal
CLEARY, WILL J., Student	Bourbonnais.
DOWLING, JULIA A., Clerk	Chicago.
DURHAM, BERTHA	Momence.
FOUNTAINE, ROSILDA, Teacher	Lincoln.
GIBSON, HATTIE MAY, Teacher	Momence.
HANSON, HENRY, Clerk	Chicago.
KELSEY, J. CLARE, Farmer	Momence.
MORGAN, CARRIE	Chicago.
O'CONNELL, (SIMONDS) CORA	Urich, Mo.
O'DONNELL, DELIA	

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Class of '99.

BUKOWSKI, MARY	_Momence.
DENNIS, HAROLD	_Momence.
PARADIS, EDNA	_Momence.
SHAW, NORMAN	Toledo, Ohio.
	_Chicago.
TABLER, CLYDE, Book-keeper	

Class of 'oo.

BABIN, MATTIE MAY	Momence.
CHAMBERLAIN, AMOS, Farmer	Momence.
CLARKE, CARROLL	Chicago,
CL EARY, JAMES, Clerk	Momence.
CULVER, FLORENCE, Musician	Ortonville, Minn.
DENNIS, LENA	
DWYER, NELLIE, Teacher	Penfield.
GARRETT, LEONA, Teacher	Momence.
GIBEAULT, PHOEBE, Teacher	Momence.
HARRIS, WILL, Farmer	Grant Park.
JOHNSON, JUNIA, Teacher	Crete.
COLEMAN, (LAMPORT) GEORGIA	Brazil, Ind.
MORGAN, STEPHEN, Student	Chicago.
McKEE, BESSIE, Teacher of Elocution	Momence.
PARMELY, IDELLA, Teacher	Grant Park.
PORTER, EDWARD, Teacher	Momence.
RICE, BELLE, Teacher	Momence.
WALLACE, (LAMPORT) MAY	Grant Park.
WILLIS, FRED, Postal Clerk	Momence.

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Class of 'or.

BRADY, MAMIE, Teacher	Rose Lawn, Ind.
BURCHARD, OLIVE, Teacher	Grant Park.
CLARK, FRANCES E,	Momence.
DRAYER, ALMA I., Student	Greencastle, Ind.
DWYER, JOSIE V., Teacher	Penfield.
FORCE, IDA M., Teacher	Independence, Kan
GREGOIRE, (SMITH) BIRDIE S.	Kankakee.
KELSEY, WAYNE, Dairyman	Momence.
NADOLNI, CLARA L., Clerk	Momence.
PORTER, GEO. N., Teacher	Momence,
SMITH, (THURBER) LUCELIA M.	Grant Park.
WEAVER, L. ETHEL, Teacher	Momence.



Second Prize for Caricature to Stanton VanInwagen.

First Prize for Caricature to Helen M. Gray.

Class of '02.

CLEARY, JENNIE M., Teacher	Momence.
CLEARY, ELIZABETH C., Teacher	Momence,
DENNIS, LAURA J.	Momence.
FREEMAN, BLANCHE M., Teacher	Momence.
GIBEAULT, JOSEPH A., Merchant.	Momence.
GIBSON, LAURA J.	Momence.
HANSON, ANNA M., Teacher	Momence,
KIOUS, MAYSIE A., Teacher	Momence.
NELSON, PHOEBE J., Teacher	Momence.
PORTER, EZRA B., Farmer	
SEAMAN, GRACE M., Student	Evanston.
SERGEANT, (VANE) ESTELLA	Momence.

404 404

Class of '03.

BAECHLER, MARTHA E., Teacher	Castleton.
BENNETT, EDITH.	Momence.
DAYTON, FLORA M., Student.	Momence,
DAYTON, EDNA, J., Student	Momence.
GARRETT, FRANK W., Student	Evanston.
GRAY, ESTHER M.	Momence.
HANSON, SARAH H., Teacher	Momence.
MILLER, BLENDENA, Student	
PARISH, VARNUM A., Student	Notre Dame, Ind.
PORTER, IVY B., Teacher	
PORTER, NILES I.	Momence,
SEARLS, MARION E., Teacher	Momence.
SPRY, CARRIE, Teacher	Momence.
WEAVER, BONNIBELL O., Teacher	Momence.
WILSON, BLANCHE M., Teacher	Grant Park.

Examination.

Tune,—ANNIE LAURIE.

Momence High School is busy When Examination's due, And a fear goes 'round among us That we may not all get thru That we may not all get thru And ne'er forget can we That there s e'er too little pity For him who don't get "P".



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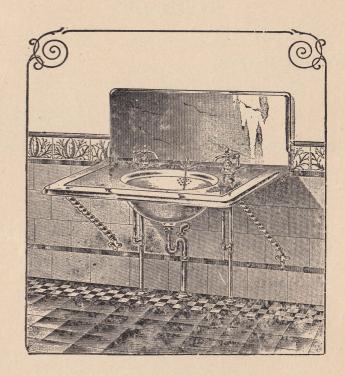
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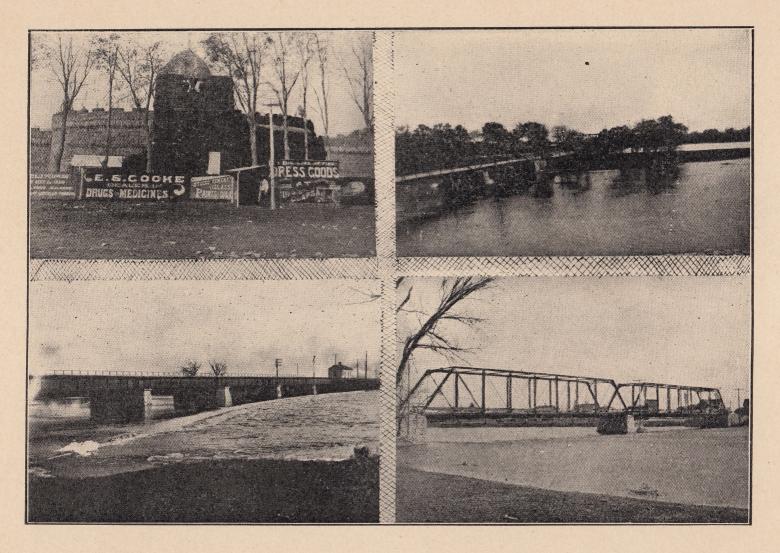
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North Wagon Bridge. South Wagon Bridge.

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ETC., ETC., ETC.

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WALL PAPER.

Teacher (in Latin class) "Give the principal parts of "to bite."

Pupil: "Dogo, dogere, pupsi, biteum."—Ex.

Prof. "Give the Latin word for "to speak" and conjugate it."

Student (to neighbor) "Say, what is it?"

Neighbor: "Blest, if I know."

Student (aloud) "Blestifino, blestifinam, blestifinon, blestifination."—Ex.

Back street,
Banana peel,
Fat man,
Virginia reel.—Ex.

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